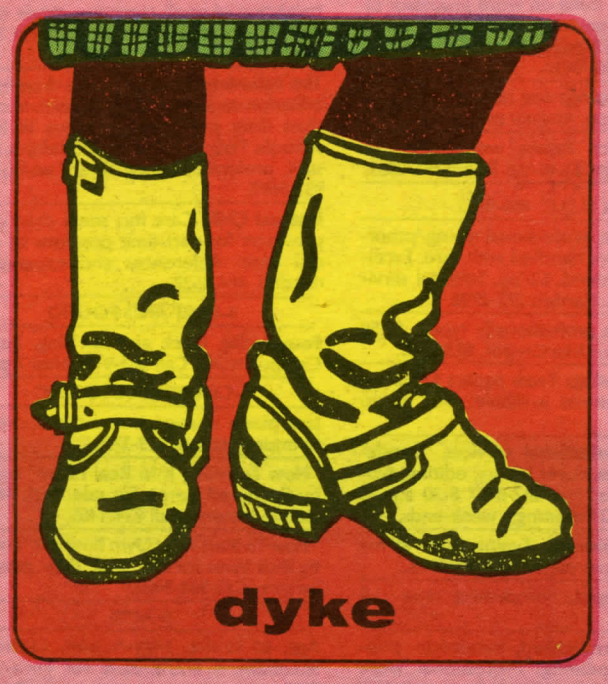
Concordia University
Montreal, Quebec

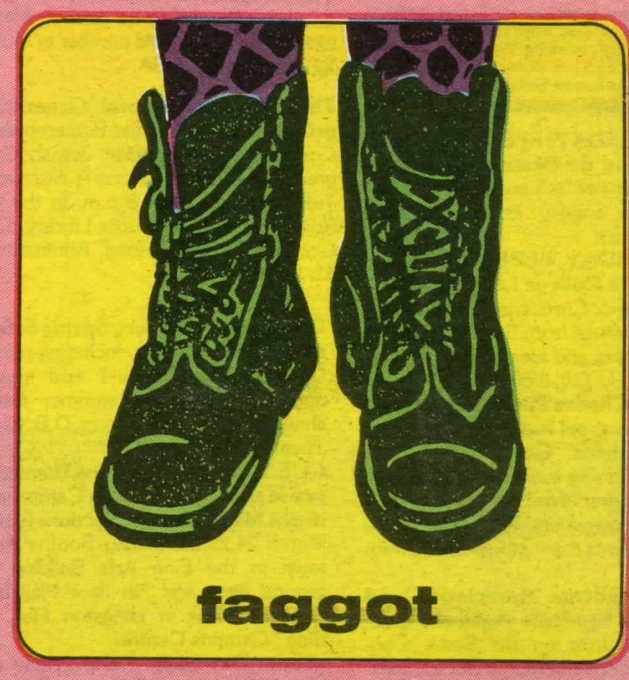
the Link

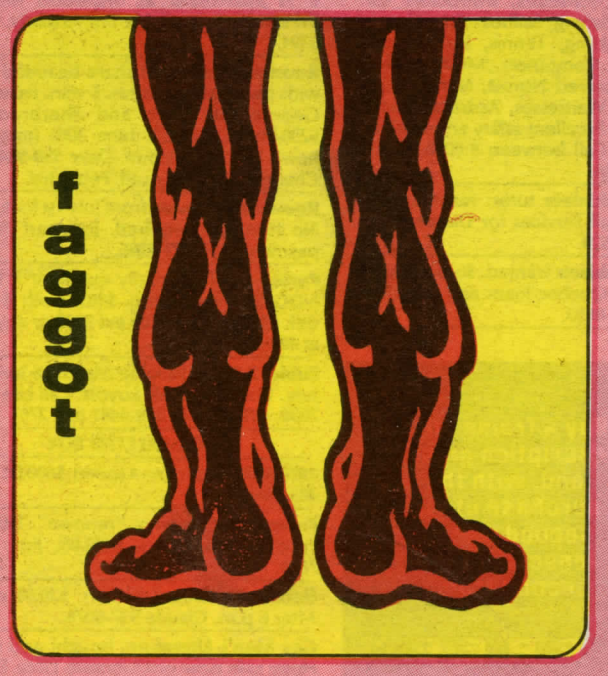
Volume 7, Number 33
Tuesday, February 17, 1987



dyke:

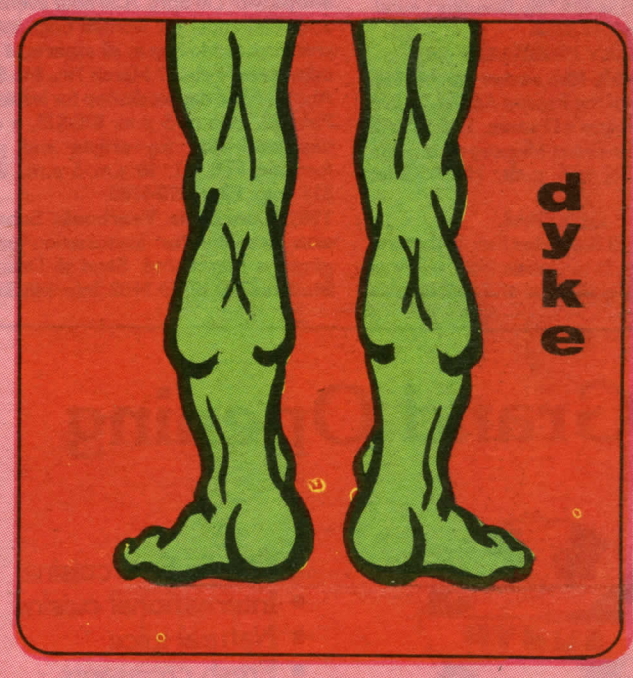
Folkloric belief has the root word of dyke as being hermaphrodite. By extension, in pre-liberation lesbian subculture, the terms "butch" and "dyke" were both used to define wimmin who adopted masculine roles. The contemporary redefinition of dyke as a strong, independent, aggressive, self-defined wommon recaptures much of the original double-principled meaning of hermaphrodite and is used proudly by lesbian and radical feminists to this day.

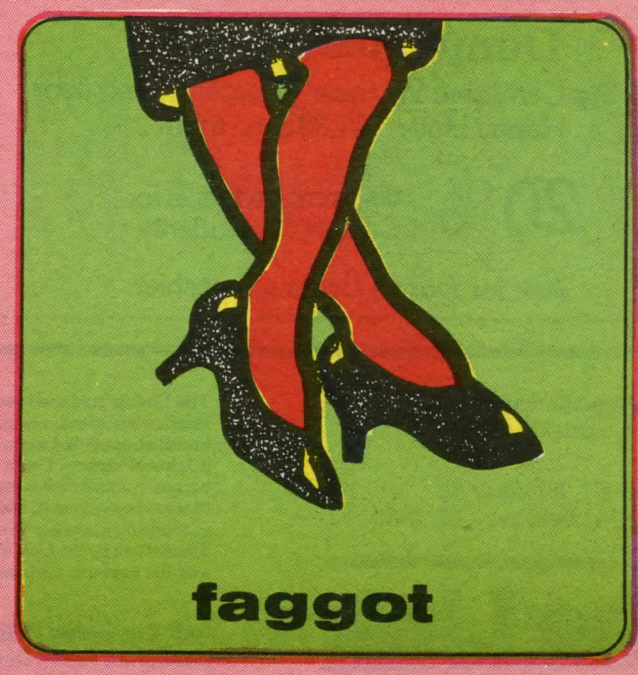




faggot:

Refers to a small bundle of kindling wood for fueling a larger fire. During the Inquisition of the 15th and 16th centuries, the Catholic church tried and executed hundreds of thousands for heresy. Most executions involved burning at the stake. Many of the victims were sexually "deviant" (male homosexuals) and witches (often a guise for lesbianism). It became common practise to use homosexual men as "faggots" to help burn witches, hence the label today.





lesbian and gay supplement

COVER ART: SARA MORLEY

Agenda

Use the Agenda to publicise any Concordia-related event. Drop off your info at our offices at Sir George (H-649) or mail it in, indicating "Agenda" on the envelope. Deadlines are 5 p.m. Friday for Tuesday issues, and 5 p.m. Wednesday for Friday issues.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18

The Simone de Beauvoir Institute: public reading of "A Very Modest Orgy" by Patricia Joudry. 8:30 p.m. 2170 Bishop rm 101.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19

Liberal Arts College Lecture Series. Paul Robinson, Christensen Professor of Western Culture from Stanford University on "Opera and Ideas: From Mozart to Strauss," H-110, 8:30 p.m.

Wine and Cheese Party. All welcome, new members, old members, hungry or greedy students. Come and discuss issues, upcoming events and whatever else is on your mind. P Annex, 2020 MacKay (downstairs).6:30 p.m. Concordia Students Against Apartheid. Info: 848-7410.

African Students Association and Concordia Students Against Apartheid: a lecture on the Black Consciousness Movement and Social Liberation in the 80s and 90s, with Saths Copper a South African political exile and the former president of ASAPO. 8:30 p.m. H-937. Info: 848-3410, 848-7337.

Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia sponsor the film "My Beautiful Laundrette." 4 p.m., H-333-6.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 20

CUPA weekly film series Double feature: "Case of the Frozen Addict," a film about Parkinson's Disease, 1:45 to 2:45 p.m. and "The Brain: Memory and Learning," 2:55 to 3:55 p.m., H-419. Info: 848-7487.

GENERAL

Fiesta For El Salvador Feb. 28th in the CEDA Bldg. 2515 Delisle (Metro Lionel Groulx) at 8 p.m. Beer and Empanadas $1.50. Proceeds to dev. projects for earthquake victims via: Archbishop of El Salvador. Info: 849-5331 loc. 263.

The Music Club needs bands for "Battle of the Bands" to be held on March 28th. Leave name and number in Music-lub mailbox at CUSA.

The Montreal Second Generation group of the Holocaust Remembrance Committee of Canadian Jewish Congress will present "Maus-A Survivor's Tale" On Feb 24 at 8 p.m. in the AV Room of the Jewish Public Library, 5151 Coe Ste-Catherine Road. Admission is $1. Info: 931-7531.

CSA Live In Concert/Spring & Summer Fashion Show. Including popular Chinese band Pluz-1 and special designer spring and summer fashion show. Feb. 28th at 7:30 p.m. D.B. Clarke Theatre, Hall Bldg.

CUSA General Elections Nomination period starts March 2 to 9. Campaigning begins March 10 to 23. Elections (voting) March 24,25,26. Polling Booths downtown in the Fine Arts Building and ground floor and 7th floor Hall Bldg. Loyola booths in Hingston Hall, AD Bldg., Campus Centre.

Super Ski Days. Every Friday until March 13th. Mont-Orford on Feb. 20th and Jay Peak on Feb. 27th. Limited space-sign up soon. Deadline for both dates is Feb. 19th. Sponsored by the Travel Resource Club. Info: 848-7420.

Hystericall Women present 3 workshops with Lib Spry. A 30 hour evenings and weekends) for women only, intensive intro workshop in all aspects of the oppressed. Feb. 27-March 7th, $45-$65. Another one day workshop for lesbians, Feb. 22, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. $10-$15, a one day workshop for artists and performers, Feb. 21, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., $10-$15. Info: Elise, 272-5780.

1987 Concordia Yearbook: Submission deadline for asssociation/group photo is March 2nd. Send to Dean of Students AD 121 or M 02. Info: 848-3535.

Grand Opening

DUNYA دنيا مطاعم

- Middle East cuisine
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- Open salad bar

Dunya Restaurant

1376 Ste-Catherine W. (near Crescent), 2nd floor
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20% discount on meals for Concordia students

Ask for Dunya Dollars at cashier.

Classified

Classified rates: 20 cents per word for Concordia students, 25 cents per word for others. Deadlines are 5 p.m. Friday for Tuesday issues, and 5 p.m. Wednesday for Friday issues. Drop off ad and payment in room H-649, 1455 de Maisonneuve W.

1-TYPING

Word Processing: theses, manuscripts, reports and term papers done quickly and accurately. $1.50 page. Editorial service also available Call 931-0787.

Wordprocessing: papers, essays, theses, resumes. On-line information retrieval. Near Loyola. Evenings/weekends. 484-2014.

Word Processing, term papers, resumes, Special student discount with student card. Near Loyola campus. Dactylographie N.D.G. Typing. 482-1512.

February Word Processing special: Multiple letters 25% off. Also available: professional service for theses, papers, letters, etc. Student rates. Near Concordia. 934-1455.

THESIS: One draft & one corrected final from 2.15/page. LM Typing Service. Guy Metro. 989-9432.

Typing theses, reports, manuscripts, etc., 18 years experience in both languages; rapid service, work done on IBM. $1.50 double spaced. Mrs. Paulette Vigneault, 10 minutes walk to Concordia. 288-9638/0016.

Word Processing: Letter Quality Printer. Theses, term papers, CV's. Low rates/Call 989-9628.

Rush Typing, Guy Metro, resumes, low rates, 934-1438.

Rush typing and wordprocessing. 486-0834.

Typing: IBM Selectric II, $1.20/pg. Roxboro, 684-4632.

Good Wordprocessing 933-9296.

Typing-West Island (Dorval) $1/page. Call Lynne after 6. 636-6752.

Typing: term papers $1.50/page. Also resumes, nr. Vendome metro 486-0925.

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Wordprocessing: Term papers $1.50/pg. Same day service available. Guy metro 989-9432.

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Attention Students: Typing done at my home $1.50 per page. Call 481-6048.

Executive typist, competitive rates call 364-0058.

Resumes: Preparation, translation, photocopies, updating. Professional work done by specialists. Student special! Call now 288-7400.

2-HELP WANTED

Camp Maromac, a Children's Resident Summer Camp requires staff for the following positions from June 27 to August 11, 1987; Counselors, Instructors for: Swimming, Sailing, Sailboarding, Canoeing, Waterskiing, Tennis, Land Sports, Gymnastics, Computers, Music, Arts & Crafts, Registered Nurses, Nurses' Aids, Secretaries, Waitresses, Assistant Cooks, Potwashers. Excellent salary and working conditions. Call between 9:00 a.m. & 5 p.m. 933-4836.

Wanted: volunteer tutor: for math 206, math 208, call Services for Disabled students, 848-3524.

Interview subjects wanted. Students who depend on Quebec loans and bursaries. Call Jim 481-8653.

Piano player needed by female vocalist to form combo for lounge-act. 483-2985.

Wanted: Accounting student or equivalent for Income tax and year end book balancing of small company. Wage dependent on amount of work. John 937-8227.

The volunteer association of a drug rehabilitation centre needs volunteers to conduct drug prevention sessions in high schools. Training is offered. Students and staff, preferably bilingual, are welcome. 931-5692.

Internal Child Care Inc. seeks child care providers for part-time positions or on-call basis. References and experience needed. 484-8522.

3-LOST AND FOUND

Found: Big black and tan dog. Loyola Campus NDG. Call 363-9194 after 7 p.m.

4-COURSES/TUTORING

Jazz piano lessons. Innovative approach to improvisation. 273-3701.

"How To Make It In Real Estate" course by Raymond Aaron for sale. Incl. 10 hr. casette lecture. Call 934-1465.

"How To Start Your Own Business" course by Rick West for sale. Incl. 10 hr. cassette lecture. Call 934-1465.

6-APTS

Apt. to sublet. May-August, Laurier & St.Urbain. 4 1/2, $325 & Tel. Furn. 274-7201.

Roommate wanted: responsible female to share spacious 4 1/2. By Snowdon metro. 212.00 mth. inc. heat/wtr. 482-6322.

Third roommate wanted to share modern 6 ½ apartment at Snowdon metro. $175/month, available immediately. 482-5394.

Roommate wanted: share beautiful 7 ½ with two male students. 5 min. from Sir. George (St. Marc and Sherbrooke). $230/mnth. (until.). June 30th (may renew). Call after 5 p.m. Dave 598-9847 or Charles 931-0448. Avail. Feb. 23rd.

Roommate wanted from July 1st for 5 1/2. No furniture required. Just part rental payment. Tel: 523-2286.

Person to share really excellent 7 ½ in NDG lge rms, metro. $185/mnth & $30 util. Call Jim 630-4100 ext 2205 or anyone at 488-8731.

Sublet 2 1/2. Available March to June or July. 10 minute walk Loyola. Call Lise 484-7630, 481-4218 or 878-4441 (ext 276).

7-FOR SALE/TO BUY

1978 AMC Gremlin - 4 speed. $600.00. Call 485-3959.

Peavey Guitar amp "renown" 160 W. Excellent condition, $430.00. Jim, 276-7833.

Electric Baseboard heaters. $30.00 each. After 6 p.m. Claude 937-6076.

Gay Men's Literature, bought and sold. Huge sale now on! Librairie Libre Esprit 1355 St. Catherine East. (Metro Beaudry) Everyday from 11 a.m. 527-7408

Trumpet for sale ($250). Four years old. Make: Yamaha. Original price $950. Call 483-4608.

Brother compactronic 58 typewriter. Memory functions-desk model-like new. Call Armand: 279-3684 any (really) time.

Sapphire and/or ruby stud earrings for sale below wholesale price. Custom designed earrings and rings also available. Call 486-0796.

Peavey guitar amp "Renown" 160W. Excellent condition. $430. Jim 276-7833.

Unitech scriber for sale. $40. Never used. 932-9630.

Having Problems with speeding tickets? Get the last laugh. Radar detectors at below retail prices. Call Neil weekdays after 6 at 739-5010.

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Concordia University
Montreal, Quebec

Volume 7, Number 33
Tuesday, February 17, 1987

the Link

Editorial Offices:
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City looks at the homeless

by Nancy McHarg

Converting empty downtown buildings into shelters, keeping the metro open all night and providing needy people with free passes, were among the recommendations voiced to an ad-hoc committee on the homeless at city hall last Thursday.

At least 5,000 Montrealers between 18 and 30 years old have no home, according to a recent study on homelessness in Montreal, a figure that has increased sharply in the past decade.

"These kids need to operate within their own age group," said reverend Bill McCarthy, stressing the need for youth facilities.

According to McCarthy, who heads the Old Brewery Mission, a shelter for men, "They will become an army. And we will pay the price of an army of broken dreams."

In an attempt to address the problem of the homeless, the Montreal Citizens Movement(MCM) has set up the committee which meets with the public and will report back to city council in April. The Thursday night consultation dealt specifically with homeless youth. Representatives from various groups gave their concerns and suggestions.

"Better to sleep in the metro than out in the cold," said one person in the attendance. The recommendation that the metro be kept open all night was however rejected by the committee on the grounds that the metro is a transportation system, not a shelter.

Instead, the committee recommended the establishment of a shelter specifically for people between 18 and 30 with 25 beds each for men and women.

According to Albert Nerenberg, member of the group "Youth for Youth," the problem is a result of the unemployment among youth. And he has reservations about the MCM's commitment to change the situation.

"The committee's proposals are good, and the people on the committee seem sincere, but I have little confidence," said Nerenberg to the panel and the room full of participants. "Young people don't seem to be a priority to the MCM, they're mentioned maybe five times in their platform, and my concern is reinforced by the fact that there are no youths on the committee."

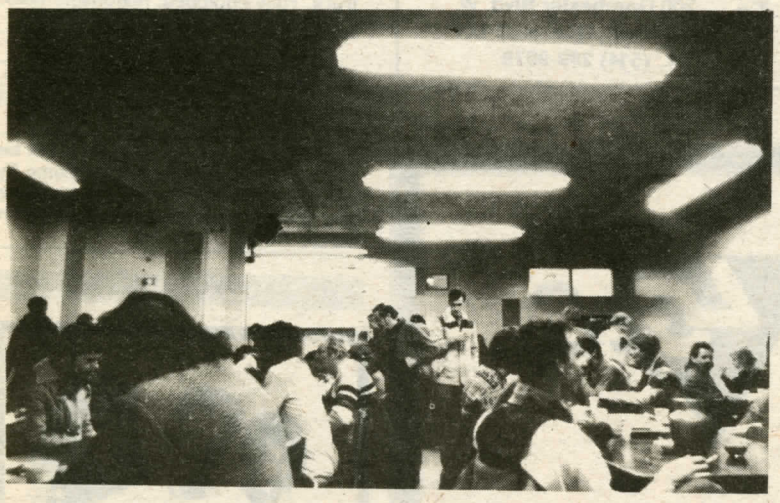
Nerenberg says he is concerned for youth who are eligible for welfare but can't receive their $180 monthly cheque because they have no permanent address. The government requires that recipients have one. No address means no money, no money means no address. And so the rut goes.

Nerenberg wants the MCM to let homeless youth use city hall as a permanent mailing address.

"I'm serious about that," he said. "I think it's a viable suggestion."

Reverend McCarthy said that the committee's proposal was grossly inadequate.

"You're not being realistic to think 25 beds will do anything," he said. "I just hope we see you people take this issue seriously."



The Old Brewery Mission

PHOTO: GUY ST. DENIS

Trailing McGill's fundraising

by Andrew Madsen

The former director of Concordia's Development Office says the university's fundraising has suffered since the office was closed last year.

John Saunders says the Development Office was abolished because the administration wanted to concentrate on the Capital Campaign. The Development Office was responsible for the annual fundraising campaign, and Saunders says less money is coming in now that it's gone.

"The annual campaigns were raising considerable amounts of money," said Saunders. "A lot of people who were giving to the university every year don't give anymore. Now they're not asked."

The ex-director says the university was wrong in deciding to eliminate the annual campaigns in order to devote more effort to the capital campaign.

"Most experts say that during a capital campaign you do not terminate an annual campaign."

Saunders and two others lost their jobs when the development office was nuked. The rest of the staff was reassigned to the capital campaign.

Saunders says Concordia's total reliance on the capital campaign has alienated potential donors.

"Some donors will not support capital campaigns for buildings," he said. "They prefer to provide support for projects that help students, such as grants and scholarships, in the form of an annual donation."

He adds that corporate donors used to allocate funds to the annual campaign, but do not contribute anymore because there are no annual campaigns. He says the university is losing donors because there has not been an annual campaign for over a year.

"It (Concordia's capital campaign) did not go as well as hoped," he said. "Once people get out of the habit of supporting something, it's very hard to get them back."

Concordia's capital campaign entered its final phase earlier this month. A six-week internal campaign will concentrate on raising funds from within the university itself. Concordia officials hope the internal campaign will help them convince corporations to donate the remaining $10 million.

Bob Wyeth, Concordia's capital campaign director, says the internal campaign is going very well.

"Our number one priority is to complete the campaign successfully."

Wyeth was not able to comment on the Development Office's effect on the campaign, as he was hired after the closing.

McGill University has also been conducting its own campaign. the McGill Advancement Program (MAP) began three years ago, and has raised over $61 million since. Despite reaching its goal, McGill officials say even more money is needed, so the campaign will continue until another $10 million is raised.

"We're very pleased that the campaign is so successful, but no university's needs are ever really satisfied," said John Heney, MAP director. "It's a matter of matching needs with abilities to raise funds."

McGill says its MAP has been its most successful campaign ever. By the time it is over, about $70 million will have been raised in just under four years. Concordia's campaign will have netted about $25 million in about four and a half years. McGill's campaign office was founded in 1948. Concordia's ofice was established in 1974 and terminated last year.

Brief News

U of A council okays hike

Edmonton (CUP)—While students across the country protest post-secondary funding cuts, the University of Alberta's student council has reversed its stance against tuition fee increases.

Council president David Oginski said council now advocates "a small increase," which he defined as in the range of one to five per cent.

At a recent meeting, councillors repealed a four-year policy in favour of tuition fee freezes. The resolution also calls for a referendum on the policy.

But the chairperson of the U of A anti-cutbacks team argued the no-increase policy is a principle worth keeping.

"Anytime any organisation abandons its principles, it loses its credibility," said Martin Levenson. "I don't think the (student council) is in a position to bargain."

One councillor could not understand why the council would overturn the old policy and then put it to a student vote.

"Seven thousand students (the number expected to vote in a referendum) is a hell of a lot more representative and a hell of a lot more credible than the 29 people sitting here," said Ken Bosman.

U of S students lose rights

Saskatoon (CUP)—University of Saskatchewan education students have lost their right to sit on their faculty's academic affairs committee.

Education Students' Union (ESU) president Darren Minisofer claims the Education Faculty Council has "violated and disregarded" students' rights.

In January, Education Dean Murray Scharf ordered the removal of all students from the College's Committee of Academic Standards. The committee has been responsible for impartial review of records and internship reports of borderline students.

ESU members are addressing the issue during education classes as part of an information campaign.

"A lot of professors are saying in classrooms students are not mature enough to sit on the committee," Minisofer said.

Men's group at this U

"Women feel oppression, I can only try and understand it," says Concordia student Nick Boulieris.

Boulieris set up a men's discussion group at the university in January. The group, which meets weekly, discusses many different issues.

"We discuss feminist issues, homosexuality, the poor, the homeless, and we talk about the personal experiences of the group members."

Boulieris has gotten help from the Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia, the Women's Collective, and the Sociology department in starting the group. Four members regularly attend the weekly meetings which are open to all men.

The next meeting will be Thursday at 2:00 on the second floor of the ER annex (2155 Guy) in the Sociology department's conference room.

The Concordia Women's Collective and *the Link* present

THE 1987 WOMEN'S ISSUE

We'd be tickled, thrilled, empowered, ecstatic to have your contributions!

★ *poetry* ★ *feminist theory* ★ *prose* ★ *fiction* ★ *news* ★ *photos* ★ *artwork* ★ ★ *en français aussi!* ★

Come to the Link (H-649, 848-7405) and talk with France, Lynn, Carla, or Sara about your ideas. The absolute deadline for submissions is March 2, but PLEASE give us your Stuff before Spring Break (Feb. 20) if possible.

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Exxa Military Surplus- WWII bush pants $15, US army work pants $15, German army pants (green & black), Canadian commando pants black, Israeli gas mask $15 etc. 550 President Kennedy (Metro McGill).

For Sale: One only. Vacuum Forming Machine (as is). Auto Vac. Skin Pak 440/550V-3 PH 80% reconditioned. Minimum acceptable bid is $1200. Please mail all sealed bids to John O'Hanley, Purchasing Services, Room ER-301.

8-SERVICES

Guaranteed higher grades. Written guarantee you'll pass every course through unlimited hypnosis and flotation or money refunded. Call Mrs. Miriam Praw, 935-7755 (monday to friday) 1538 Sherbrooke W. Rm. 710. Open 7 days a week 9-9 RSVP.

Typewriter Rental $15 up. Ans. service 878-3493, Hit/Miss 691-7946.

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Translating & Editing. tutoring for English composition and grammar. Student rates. 845-0323.

Moving? All local moves done quickly and carefully by student with large closed truck. Fully equipped, reasonable rates. Call Stephane 288-8005.

9-PERSONALS

Beth! I saved your life at PSI-U fraternity, and now you won't call me. James McGill 842-9430.

To the lonely traveler. I know it will be hard, but forget about Karen. Come fly away with me. Or we can just stay here and see the sights. Signed: Bored with where I'm at.

Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia

LGFC

Upcoming Schedule for March

March 6th - The infamous **Coffeehouse** comes the first Friday of the month. FA Annex, 2060 Mackay, room 202. It will follow immediately after the play (approxiamately 10:00 p.m.

Or Live Or Die, performed by Stephen Gee Lind, will be held at 8:30 p.m. in room 114 of the VA building, 1395 Dorchester W. For more information call LGFC office at 848-7414.

March 28 - As part of a Lesbian and Gay His/Herstory Lecture Series, LGFC proudly presents Professor James Steakley, of the University of Wisconsin, and his slide documentary *Gays and the Holocaust: Nazi policies Towards Lesbians and Gay Men*. Place: H-110, Hall Building.

Also in late March, *Fragments and Souvenirs, A Hundred Years of Lesbian and Gay History* will be on exhibition.

PLAY SAFE!

CONDOM TIPS

- Get to know a condom...they shouldn't be stored in your wallet and they have an expiration date.
- Latex condoms are the strongest.
- Play the field: ribbed, "snug fit", sensishape...only you can tell which one works best for you.
- Practice makes perfect...try masturbating with one before you use them in sexual encounters.
- It takes a while to get used to them so don't give up after one try.
- Squeeze the air out of the tip when you start putting it on and roll it down to the base of the penis.
- Use lots of water soluble lubricant (like K-Y, Lubafax, etc.). Don't use Crisco, Vaseline or other oil-based products as they damage latex rubbers.
- Keep the condom on while fucking, and never use it twice.

NO RISK

- mutual masturbation
- hugging, massage
- mouth-on-mouth kissing
- body-to-body rubbing
- licking the shaft of the penis

LOW RISK

- fucking with a condom
- "french kissing"
- "watersports" - external only

HIGH RISK

- fucking without a condom
- sucking the head of the penis (pre-cum)
- ejaculation in the mouth
- swallowing urine
- rimming
- sharing unwashed sex toys
- fistfucking

KEEP HEALTHY

- Be responsible for your own health and that of your partner's
- Wash thoroughly before and after sex
- Do not douche...it undermines your natural defenses
- Be aware of the negative effects of alcohol, poppers and recreational drugs
- Sleep, rest, eat, and exercise properly
- Be attractive by being healthy, aware and caring

The greater number of sexual partners mean the greater your chances of getting any sexually transmitted disease (STD), and that includeds AIDS.

"ON me...not in me" is the healthy way.

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Student's book a frightful one

by Andy Dahl

Johnny Someone was a high school loser. Teachers always marked him absent even when he wasn't. He was always the the last to be picked for sports teams and he collected Captain America comics.

One night, while attending a costume party he wasn't even invited to, Johnny Someone realised something. He realised that by hiding behind a mask (of Captain America of course), he was able to live out his fantasies and as a result, he had a good time for the first time in his life.

Johnny Someone realised another thing however. He realised that when he took his mask off, he was in fact wearing another one—one which closely resembled the face of Johnny Someone. Johnny proceeded to strip that mask off too and much to the horror of all those attending the party, he finally exposed his true inner self. What was beneath the second mask was just a dark, empty void...Nothing! Johnny Someone was truly no-one.

No, this ain't no remake of an old Twilight Zone script nor is it the latest from Stephen King. This is an extract from *Night Gaunt*, a newly released horror magazine written and published by Concordia student Jeff Kahan.

The magazine, which is the second to come off the Night Gaunt press, is...well, let's just say a throwback to a different era of the horror genre. No, we're not talking blood, guts and profits here. We're talking 'literature'.

"I'm a horror fanatic," Kahan said. "Everyone's always putting down horror and with good reason. After all, look who's representing the genre right now..."

Not really meaning to single out one figure in particular, Kahan is referring to the multi-million dollar horror industry as implemented by Stephen King and company. Or as he puts it, "the Harlequin romance dipped in blood."

"I want to be a writer and I want to write horror literature," said Kahan, a third-year creative writing major. "Unfortunately it's hard to make a living at it unless you write like (King)."

"Horror lit is an art form that's been around for centuries," he said. "It's a much richer genre than mysteries or romances."

And if *Night Gaunt* is rich than so is the Queen of England. No, this ain't no "meat cleaver" full of cute kids, or whinning dogs measuring out the book's success in pints of sadistically siphoned blood.

What we have here are troubled adolescents whose parents give them "upset" stomachs, lonely men who enjoy having their friends "for dinner" and generally just things that go bump—or get bumped off—in the night.

We also get a tantalising taste of classicism—a brilliantly illustrated epitath to the ancient Greek gods as seen through the eyes of those who replaced them. And to add a little spice to the meat, Kahan demonstrates his abilities as a poet as well.

"There's a market for stuff that has art in it," he said. "But they pay you between a third of a cent and a cent per word for it. It means you could spend a month to six weeks writing a fantastic story you'll be proud of and get paid 3,000 pennies."

Scary stuff, ain't it?

"I decided if that was the case, the publishers are obviously making more," he added. "So I decided to make my own magazine."

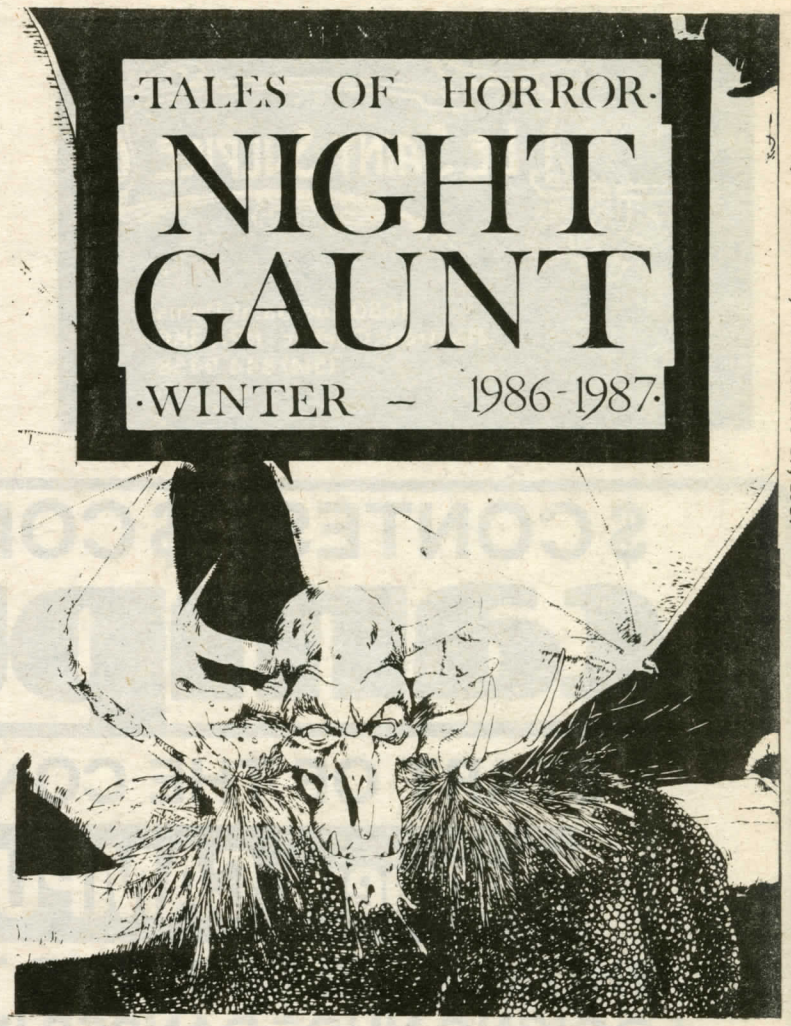
The first edition was released in December, 1985 and though its production quality left something to be desired, it sold over 1,000 copies worldwide and received raving reviews from horror contemporary Ray Bradbury. This gave an unsuspecting Kahan a tremendous boost of confidence.

"I decided to take a little more time with the second issue," he said. "As a result, I worked on it for a year and a half, gave it better print quality, better art and a cleaner layout.

It's selling faster than expected," he added. "Since its release (on January 31) it's sold over 300 copies."

And it will probably sell a lot more. The reason? Perhaps due to Kahan's intriguingly close association with the human psyche, the doubts and fears suffered not only by members of our own contemporary society but by those throughout the world and history alike.

Kahan blends this knowledge with a sensitive artistic approach, thus creating a work which could well be considered unique for its time.



Sporting a demonic grin, Kahan concluded, "I'm basically the *Three O'Clock Train* of literature."

Night Gaunt is currently available at the Loyola bookstore, the Nova bookstore on Ste. Catherine St. as well at at SW Welch books.

*Ed. Note. Jeff Kahan also writes blues record reviews for*the Link.

Art, Culture, and Fun

"Radio Days" and "Men": two comedies

by Livia Tortella

Radio Days is a love story. Set in the New York of the 1940s, it is a toast to radio, and a wave of good fun. It is also Woody Allen's least neurotic film to date.

Plotless, maybe. Lifeless? Definitely not. The film is a visual scrapbook of childhood memories and radio star gossip. Excitement, incidents, catastrophes and dreams evolve around the radio. Allen has a story to tell...

There are two types of people in *Radio Days*: those who go out to have fun and those who listen to them having fun on the radio. Allen's surrogate in the film, little Joe (Seth Green), is an avid radio listener ... a big fan of The Masked Avenger radio programme and a disciple of Biff Baxter's show (Jeff Daniels repeating the same role from *Purple Rose of Cairo*).

Mother, Father, Grandma, Grandpa, Aunt Ceil, Cousin Ruthie, and Aunt Bea are enraptured with the magic of radio and can only dream of visiting the places they hear about. Sally (Mia Farrow), the cigarette girl turned radio star, is the link from a Brooklyn existence to the radio world of glamour.

Although *Radio Days* is essentially a tribute to the good ol' days of radio, the film tends to strip radio's mystique just by being visual. This, of course, is where the humour comes in. We laugh when we find out what the Masked Avenger really looks like or that Aunt Ceil loves to listen to a radio ventriloquist. Yet at the same time, radio seemed to bring families together. The radio was on when Joe's family welcomed 1944 and when a little girl was found dead in a well, all listeners silently mourned upon hearing the newscast.

The affectionate nostalgia that is *Radio Days* may be a little disturbing to a Woody Allen fan. There seems to be an absence of anxiety and paranoia in the characters. After witnessing the extreme neurosis in films such as *Manhattan* and *Annie Hall*, *Radio Days* seems just a little too unreal.

Although *Radio Days* is a lot tamer than Allen's previous films, a simple little story about a love affair with a medium, it demands to be watched, and listened to.

by Leigh Ogston

The German film *Men*, which attracted a lot of attention when it played the Montreal World Film Festival last summer, has been packing in a lot of people since it opened last month.

Set in Munich, the warm, quirky comedy is about men's relationships with women and men's friendships among themselves. Director Dorris Dorries deftly draws viewers into the film with an off-beat romantic triangle and great comic dialogue.

Middle-aged advertising executive Julius Armbrust (Heiner Lauterban) is shattered when he discovers that his wife Paula (Ulrike Kriener) has begun an affair with Stefan, an unconventional artist played by Uwe Ochsenknecht. Consumed with curiosity about "the other man" and tormented by self-doubt, Julius impulsively decides to take a room under an assumed name with his wife's bohemian boyfriend.

Decisive, successful "corporate" Julius seems at first to have little in common with the flaky, directionless but sincere Stefan, who confides in him about the affair he is having with a "difficult" married woman.

Julius, who has been married for 12 years and has two kids, and Stefan, who has never really ever settled down, separately ponder their relationships and futures with Paula as they begin to learn more about each other and discover more about themselves.

Men has something for everyone. Although primarily about men, Dorries also manages to expose men's attitudes towards women in a witty and winning manner.

The film takes an intelligent and humorous look at the dynamics of human relationships with insights that we can all relate to.

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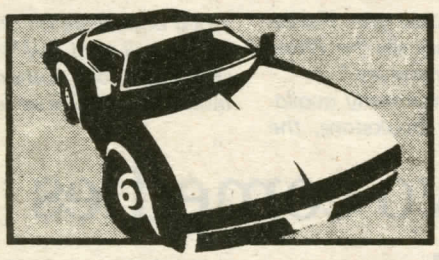

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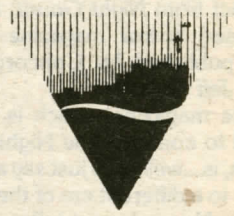

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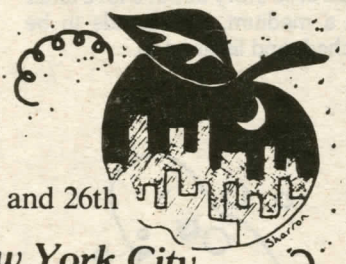

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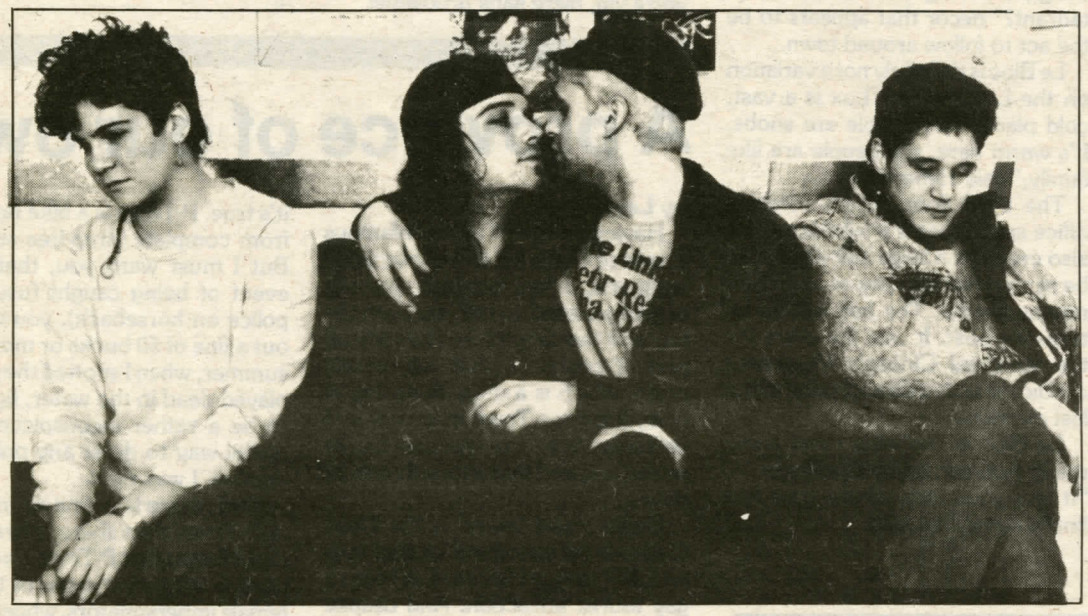


PHOTO: FRANCE DESILETS

Coming out...and moving forward

Not unlike previous years, this lesbian and gay supplement is concerned with the issue of visibility on campus.

So much of our lives are spent in the shadow of a prevalent heterosexual norm. This secrecy, often self-imposed, extends far beyond the traditional idea of "coming out." Long after we have settled into ourselves as gay/lesbian people the problem of public "image" persists.

This problem is not merely the existence of a hostile sexual class out to oppress us (although few would argue that such oppression is felt daily). Many gays and lesbians are made to feel uncomfortable about who and what they are when in public.

Some are victimised by verbal or physical violence when they step out from the veil of anonymity, for displaying their "queerness" to those who would prefer us invisible or discrete in our "perverse" physical and emotional expressions.

Faggots and dykes can readily pass undetected through a number of doors if need be, their lovers reduced by mere physical distance to the status of friend or acquaintance. The unspoken truth is inevitably translated "straight" away. These postures cannot but create a slanted picture of who we really are, feeding into our collective non-existence.

Many students were enraged, for example, to see that dreaded same-sex coupling depicted on the "Cupid Is Queer...And Proud Of It!" dance banner which hung for two weeks in the lobby of the Hall building. Such blatant "flaunting" was apparently an affront to the sensibilities of the majority. Better had polite decorum been kept intact.

Underlying this sexual status quo is our own ability to hide; the ease with which are token masks are put on, sometimes too readily, too fast. These disguises only serve to reduce us, making petty the beauty of our very existence, and that's sometruth for sure.

Moreover, our respective community is a diverse one, a fact reflected in the many kinds of feet displayed on this issue's cover, feet with directions that encompass polymorphous perversity, androgyny, transsexuality, and transvestism amongst others. These feet can talk, reclaiming the terms "faggot" and "dyke," bringing them home and making some sense. We all have our past and present. It's time we kick ass and move forward!

Gay and Lesbian Supplement

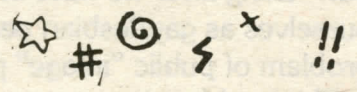
Downtown for Dykes

by da closet-goils

It's a jungle out there. What's to do when Jane wants to swing and Dick has to stay at home? More than you realise. Travel gear's optional. (you *can* leave home without it.)

So..to booze'n'cruise? to romp'n'stomp? to pig-out? or to chitter-chatter? That, is the question. Pick'n'choose from the following rundown, specially designed to make that all ellusive 'what-am-i-gonna-do-tonite-for-FUN'N'EXCITEMENT' decision that much easier. For the best of the nite-klub pics and clever hints for the out'n'comer, established diesel dykes, frail femmes and the rest of you lavender ladies out there who refuse to be typecast: read on!!!

Good ole St. Denis street's the ideal starting point (the heart of the ghetto) on this, our lovely tour of lesbian nite-life.



First stop: Bilitis (1250 St. Denis) happiness and heavy saturation of male trendiness every Friday. Plenty of top-something-or-other disco, teenie dance platform and stone archways, (brings back cave-dyke memories, it does). Leave the combat boots, plaid jacket at home, this is the place to flaunt it, bay-beeeee!!!

Lilith (3884 St. Denis) decidedly older clientele. A place to booze, cruise, chat and listen to Neil Young and *the Supremes* on the house P.A. Focal point for many cultural events (book launchings, performances..) within the community. Granola? possibly, but no push for intense politicisation here. We've heard the bathroom's a must-see... onetheless...quiet, calm and friendly. Intime.

Next door: Labyris (3896 St.Denis) where butch and femmme can meet head on hose'n'heels to blouson'n'johdpurs. Hone down yer plateau attire, this is the epitomy of lesbian fashion statements (healthy sprinkling of gra-no-la free of charge). Dance floor small (aren't they always?) but nobody dances to the good stuff anyways...

Looking for that older woman? Step into L'Exit (4242St.Denis) for some ripe conversation over coffee croissante, whatever. Granola? YES!! Wear those purple neck scarves (fringes are O.K.), your fav sweat-shirt and pull-on booties. Yip-eee!!!

That about covers it for the St. Denis street scene. You could, however, take your chances and venture further north (just past Mt. Royal on St. Denis) and twirl thru le Mix (open since summer 86). Ultra chic, quetaine chromé to the max. Rumour has it the little fishies in the aquarium are certified deaf and starving...

Heading south down to Ontario (302 E. to be sure) one finds la Paryse—restaurant-cum-coca-cola-diner extraordinaire! Fantastic fries, (never can finish a whole plate of 'em) boffo burgers and our personal favourite—le fromage grillé—all come highly recommended. Owned and operated by a handful of lesbians, le Paryse is open to anyone with a healthy appetite, but be prepared to wait in line as quality cuisine's never a secret for long. Apportez votre vin, bière sans problème!

Au Garage (382 Mayor) offers a 'ladies' nite' once a month for those who need to prance, dance, sweat and consume copious amounts of questionable substances..oh! to be a sardine...au garbage is now just that..with over 50 per cent straight clientele and regular advertising on "disco heaven" station CKMF we needn't say more...

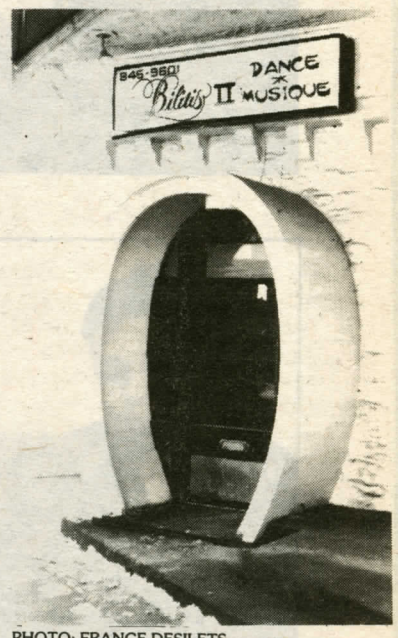


PHOTO: FRANCE DESILETS

And going even further east: an obscure watering hole quaintly known as les Ponts de Paris (1278 St. André). You be the judge...we're *not* sure...

Also worth checking out: St. Sulpice (but in the summertime), la Galoche and Funambule...

BON VOYAGE MES CHERIES !!!

Blockbuster Block-busters

by Alison Brown

It is highly unlikely you would miss the three-dimensional cubes spelling out "Le Bloc" that adorn the front of the business, but it is quite likely you would saunter right past Le Bloc if you didn't know what it was all about.

Located at 1355 St.Catherine east, the year-old establishment, has been described as everything from a "mini-gay shopping centre" to "a community in itself."

While the concept of housing several business under one roof is not entirely new, Le Bloc is different in that it lacks one element: pretentiousness. It is the place to go if you appreciate quality ambiance and dislike yuppified trendification.

The three-storey building, which houses a cafe-bar, men's clothes store, florist, tabagie, bookstore, and cafe, along with office space and a hall available for rent, has been well received by a wide variety of people.

"Le Bloc shows people that gay money can do something good," said Harvey Blackman who owns Librairie Libre Esprit. "Aside from being a business, it is also a place where people can go for information. It is a centre of activity, a real hub.

"We cater to the literary needs of people. The store is 50-50, French and English. We carry hard to find material, current best-sellers, ad well as used books," said Blackman.

He stressed that gay bookstore does not mean sex boutique. The current censorship laws on publications containing reference to sodomy, along with the closing of the "The Body Politic" has had an impact on the gay community.

"It is not willfull discrimination but the net effect is that gay men's literature is banned. People are allowed to do something(sodomy) but they can't read about it," said Blackman.

The fact that there is no visible lesbian representation in Le Bloc is something they take in stride. "The intention was that this part of town was frequented by gay men. There was limited space in Le Bloc and we felt we could serve the gay men's community best," said Blackman.

While the businesses may provide an important service, the cafe is definately where things happen.

The cafe-bar is the first thing one notices when entering, and the sit-down cafe on the second floor balcony is the next. Warning: Because Le Bloc does not have a liquor license, the cafe Amaretto (and all others called "cafe with some form of liquor") does not mean you'll get a healthy dose of booze in your coffee. What you will get is a cup of standard General Foods International Coffee.

The rationale against a liquor license is simple. "There are enough drinking places on St. Catherine street. We want a different type of clientele," said Simon Hebert, the manager.

Although the stores in Le Bloc are open during regular business hours, the cafe is open until the wee hours of the morning, seven days a week.

Hebert is offended by the fact that people often see gay business as being preoccupied with sex.

When he was approached by a condom machine salesperson who suggested Le Bloc dispense condoms in the washroom, Hebert was indignant.

"We're not going to put condoms in the toilet. This is a restaurant, a place to eat. This isn't a place for sex. Because a place is gay doesn't necessarily mean it's a place for sex," said Hebert.

Hebert, who designed the interior of Le Bloc, says the idea came from his heart. The calm of the steel blue walls is accentuated by the fire engine red accesories (or necessities, depending on how you feel about radiators). The bar, and the rest of the furniture is either black or white, which is a welcome change from the "pastel walls/crome trimmings/is this a greenhouse or a restaurant?" decor that appears to be the act to follow around town.

Le Bloc is definitely not a variation on the Lux theme. "Lux is a vast, cold place. The people are snobs. It's warm here, the people are like family," said Hebert.

The third floor, which contains office space that is available to rent also contains a large hall which can be rented out for dances and community events. The hall has an interesting past. It was the office for the Montreal Citizen's Movement candidate in that district prior to the last elections.

Le Bloc is probably most accurately summed up by Blackman. "It is a good idea whose time has finally come," he said.

PHOTO: FRANCE DESILETS

A province of our own

by Les Tager

Having ventured to the infamous Province Town for two consecutive summers, I feel qualified yet not severely biased to tell you both the fun and the drag of it. The difficult part of course, is that fun usually costs, which is a drag. Speaking of cost, Province Town may very well be known to be an expensive tourist attraction, and that is its only real let down.

Unlike most towns in the Cape Cod area (or elsewhere for that matter), P-Town prides itself in being a gay tourist attraction. And despite the fact that many of the daytime tourists are "blatantly" straight, Province Town's night-life is an exclusively gay haven. The boat loads of straight tourists from Boston magically disappear by the time P-Town's three main bars get rockin'.

The Pied Piper is P-Town's only lesbian bar and it welcomes men. At the back of the Pied Piper there is an open deck by the shore. The Pied Piper's mini-beach is a great place for lesbians in the day time too, and topless sunbathing is not discouraged, although it is not entirely legal either. The Boat-Slip is a gay men's bar and like the Pied Piper it has a place for beach bums in the day. From three to six in the evenings, the Boat-Slip holds what it calls its famous "Tea Dance". The A-House is another men's bar and women are welcome.

Besides sunbathing behind bars, it is only with a promise of complete secrecy that I should "unlawfully" tell you about the nude beach. Yes, it's true. P-Town is a bike ride away from complete strap-free sun-tans. But I must warn you, that in the event of being caught (usually by police on horseback), you will dish out a fine of 50 bucks or more. Last summer, when I spotted the police, I played dead in the water, figuring it to be a rather inconspicuous and useful way to deter any police inspection. I was right.

Well, there is definitely more fun in P-Town than there is drag. And don't forget that P-Town also prides itself in attracting some of the best female impersonators, whom I might add, could sell more albums than the Pointer Sisters,—and fool as many people too.

Although P-Town is a gay town, it is only fair to tell you that it caters more to gay men than to lesbians. Womencrafts Bookstore and the Pied Piper are really the only two wall-to-wall lesbian spaces, besides of course, the lesbian motels which cost up to a hundred U.S. dollars a night. But the fun need not end here. Surrounding the boutique, out-door cafe cluster of P-Town are a few camp sites. You and a few friends can put yourselves up for about 13 bucks a night. Quite a few people from Montreal head out to P-Town to work and hang out for the summer. Jobs are relatively easy to come by.

All in all, Province Town must be experienced once, at the very least. P-Town's gay spirit undoubtedly makes for an inviting and exciting holiday, and vacationing in P-Town will inevitably bring out your gay spirit.

Lesbian and Gay Lexicon

by Peter Tyler

With the rise of lesbian/gay pride and consciousness, a new tension of needs was felt. We became a people needing what the old values could not give us, precisely because what we were feeling, knowing, and proposing was so radically new. This is especially true of language. If the culture had never affirmed lesbian/-gay identity, what words could we use to speak of this experience? Articulation of lesbian and gay life-stories had been denied and suppressed, so that when we started coming together as a conscious community, we needed new words.

We invented the words homophobia and heterosexism to describe what was so prevalent and accepted that it had gone without a name.

Compulsory/exclusive heterosexuality was so engrained in consciousness that the possibility of variance in sexual orientation was not conceived. When it was, it was considered deviance from the norm. As the acknowledgement that human sexuality is a continuum gained ground, the need for words like sexual orientation or sexual preference became clear. We ushered these words into common usage—and into the Ontario and Quebec human rights codes.

As we understood that human households might include Lesbian mothers/gay fathers—once a contradiction in terms—we stopped speaking of the family (meaning Mom, Dad and 2.3 children) and now speak of families.

We created new words by changing the spelling of old ones, spellings that accurately reflected the changed consciousness. Once aware that women are not a sub-human species, the word womyn and its plural wimmin, were invented.

Value-laden words like nymphomaniac and promiscuous have been exchanged for words like sexually active or people with multiple and/or anonymous sex partners.

The ability to name is both powerful and empowering. Those who control language and the way it is used control the prevailing sense of reality. The words we use to describe ourselves set up the whole context of our existence, experience, and point of view. What you call yourself effects what you believe about yourself and your world. This is the difference between being pro-choice and pro-abortion, between being pro-life (sic) and anti-choice, between being an AIDS victim and a person with AIDS.

This is the difference between being a homosexual and being lesbian or gay. The word homosexual is a clinical misnomer connected to our genital activity, whereas lesbian and gay are self-appointed names that describe our entire being. The difference between these terms is the difference between being a psychiatric Exhibit A up there with pyromaniacs and schizophrenics, and being a full-fledged human being.

While the word gay can refer to both women and men, it has become male-identified and gay women—once again—become invisible when subsumed under it. Many of us prefer to speak of lesbians and gay men. Non-gay is a good word to connotate heterosexuals, bisexuals, asexuals, and others. I tend to use it when I wish to speak of our friends and allies who do not share our sexual orientation; straight does not really describe them.

PHOTO: FRANCE DESILETS

Whereas in our culture different means bad, elsewhere it has meant special. Many first nations had certain respected shamanistic offices which were often the exclusive domain of lesbians and gay men—special ones. Words for lesbian shamans include koskalaka (Lakota Sioux), sahacat (North African), and hwame (Mohave). Names of gay shamans include omasenge (Ambo, Southwest Africa), tsecat (Manghabei, Madagascar), and winkte (Lakota Sioux), among many others. These words not only connect us to our past, giving us a greater sense of who we were/are and might be, they also reflect the social and spiritual power that was afforded us.

In that sense, these words and others like them ought to be included in our vocabulary of possible names for ourselves. They are words of empowerment. Lesbian/gay identity is not merely a western, post-industrial, white "development." These names would help our vocabulary to reflect the true diversity of our people.

Seizing our right to name ourselves and our world is the ultimate empowering experience. Defining the word prehistory, for example, as a misnomer frees us from thinking of time in the patriarchy's terms. It empowers us to think of history as the continuity of all time and not merely five thousand years of male domination.

There are, of course, the old words. The ones that have been part of our lesbian/gay culture for hundreds of years: butch, femme, camp, drag. In her book *Another Mother Tongue*, Judy Grahn traces the history of North American lesbian/gay slang words, often right to their pre-patriarchal European roots. Many of these words find their origin in pagan festivals-ceremonies which included female leadership, cross-dressing, and lesbian and gay sexual rites. This helps us understand why, after the rise of patriarchy and Christianity, nine million European women were burned as witches, why gay men were burned like faggots, and why our language/culture went underground, preserving only tenuous linguistic links with the pre-patriarchal past.

This is also why contemporary bulldykes and bulldaggers are heroic, and why Canada Customs is suppressing the "heresy" of buggery.

Reclaiming the history of our words helps us to use them consciously and positively. This also happens when we use old words in a new way. Brought out of their pejorative past, words like spinster, dyke, queer and faggot become words of affirmative self-identification and strength. When we use these words to describe ourselves, we do so with pride. Telling people: "Don't call us that!" makes the word more powerful for them, more hurtful for us. Claiming these words as expressions of lesbian/gay pride boomerangs these epithets back to their senders. Stripped of pejorative connotations, these words lose their bite. Their weapon, in our hands, is a tool.

"The language you speak," wrote Monique Wittig, "is made up of words that are killing you." This is true when attempting to pour the new wine of lesbian/gay pride into the old wineskin of language. We are crippled, if not killed, by a language which cannot include our perceptions in its vocabulary. The language we speak has organically transformed as our perceptions and realities have changed. Creating and discovering our common language—our other mother tongue—is a liberating experience. Reclaiming old words and inventing new ones is part of the empowering process as much as it is a reflection of it. This is more than "gay slang." This is our liberation.

Take my word for it.

Affection: revolutionary activity among lesbians and among gay and other men, especially when done in public.

Buggery: an 11th century heresy (rebellion against Church teaching) arising out of Bulgaria and said to have been led by women and gays; also, a gay male sex act that Canada customs doesn't want us to know about.

Butch: assertive or strong characteristics, stereotypically "masculine" attributes; can be empowering when adopted by women and gay men; from the French "bouc", meaning goat, this word is connected to ancient goat/king-sacrifice rituals.

Bulldyke/Bulldager: a butch lesbian or any assertive-looking or acting woman; from the Celtic warrior Queen Boudica (pronounced "bo-dyke-ah") who led a rebellion against Roman colonisation in the year 61.

Coming Out (of the closet): the process of identifying and affirming our gayness.

Closet: metaphor for secrecy, shame, guilt, furtiveness; the place we go when we believe all of their lies about us.

Camp: (as in "campy" or "camping it up") a rebellious or brazen adaptation of theatrical, satirical, melodramatic, and/or exaggerated style by gay men; an attitude of flamboyance unique and indigenous to gay culture, often in defiance of the rigid male role; from the French "campagne", outdoor area where medieval minstrels and players performed; "camping", in archaic English meant young men playing the female roles in a play.

Drag: (as in "being in drag") to dress in clothing usually considered appropriate for the other sex; transvestism; politically volatile when done by gay men to parody sex roles; from "drag" or "dray" meaning "cart" referring to the cross-dressing processions of antiquity honoring pagan deities.

Dyke: a lesbian who participates in her lesbian/gay culture in her dress, mannerisms, attitudes, etc; also, a ditch or embankment, a barrier preventing passage, especially of something undesirable. Until reclaimed, this word was used to keep lesbians scared and hiding.

Fag or Faggot: (as in "flaming fag") a gay man who participates in his gay culture in his dress, mannerisms, attitude, etc; also, a bundle of sticks used for fuel. Gay men at one time face public execution and burning as punishment for our gayness; this is another word that, until reclaimed, was used to keep gay men scared and hiding.

Femme: French for "woman"; stereotypically "feminine" characteristics; also, an assenting or compliant role in a loving relationship.

Gay: our name for ourselves; of or relating to homosexual culture or homosexual people. Better gay than grumpy!

Heterosexism: the assumption that everyone is, should be, or wants to be heterosexual; the belief that heterosexuality is a superior or preferred sexual orientation; heterosexual chauvinism.

Homophobia: the irrational fear/-hatred of lesbians, gay men, and our sexuality; often used loosely to mean anti-gay prejudice. There is no known cure for homophobia.

Homosexual: their word for us; coined by a Hungarian psychoanalyst, Dr. Kartbeny, in 1869 to describe what was then being studied as a neurosis.

Hot: aesthetically pleasing; popular.

Lesbian: a woman who has sexual and/or loving relationships with other women; a woman who is woman-identified, loves and is committed to other women; also an inhabitant of the Greek island of Lesbos, where Sappho wrote love poems to women in 600 B.C.E.

Lover: companion, devoted friend, comrade, "room mate", special friend, partner, confidante, buddy, significant other, boyfriend, girlfriend. This is the stand-in until we find a word that equals the strength of the heterosexual word "spouse" without meaning what "spouse" now means (deadly dull stagnating suburban marriage).

Out (of the closet): (as in "being out to your family") to have affirmed, usually publically, one's gayness.

Patriarchy: public enemy no.1; the systematic domination by men socially, politically, spriritually, economically, etc over all other forms of life; sexist or misogynist society or the system of female inferiority.

Prehistory: misnomer for the pre-patriarchal era, so misnamed to make us believe that patriarchy has been around for all of history. Patriarchy has only been around for 5,000 years. And the women and gays who often had respected roles in pre-patriarchal cultures are re-

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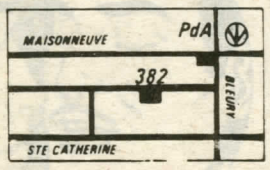

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Books to look out for

by Vito Chimienti

"The Lure"
by Felice Picano

When one decides to read a mystery novel, one has certain expectations from the author concerning the story. One expects good character development, a plausible storyline and enough twists and turns to keep the reader guessing. This book succeeds on all of these points.

The story concerns a young heterosexual college professor who accidentally is witness to a brutal murder and is then used as police bait to try to catch the killer. Fairly common theme, right? As the story unfolds we find that the murderer kills homosexuals and even though Noel is in all respects straight, he comes to find that he is indeed confused about his sexual identity. What is basically given to us is a coming out story of sorts with a mystery novel twist.

Characters are distinct and well-developed as is usually the case in Felice Picano's novels. There is enough sex, jet-setting, and ambiguity to keep the reader guessing and wanting more of the same, page after page. The only real disappointment involving this book was the ending. It seems that as far as creating an intelligent and thought-provoking scenario is easy for the author, as is maintaining an exciting and fast-moving pace. I just wish that the ending lived up to the climactic finale that I had envisioned and even hoped for as I neared the last dozen pages.

I recommend the book because not only is it an enjoyable read, but it gives a good glimpse into the gay lifestyle in New York City during the height of the disco era—before my time really, but fascinating nonetheless.

"Who killed Sal Mineo?"
by Susan Braudy

Who did kill Sal Mineo, anyway? To this day the murder remains unsolved. This mystery novel attempts to offer an extremely believable (although fictitious) accounts of whodunit and why.

Our heroine is Sara, a young New York reporter who is sent to California to find out the truth concerning the fatal stabbing of Sal Mineo. During th course of the story she meets a variety of gay men who knew the victim, has romantic entanglements and ultimately finds what she is looking for.

At the beginning of the story, Sara is your typical, naive heterosexual who sees a very narrow and stereotypical view of the lifestyle. By the end of the story she has experienced it almost first hand and emerges with a new understanding as well as the solution to the puzzle.

This book is recommended quite highly because in addition to having a good, believable story and a top-notch ending, it is nice to see Sara receive an education in what it's like to be gay and have all of her preconceived notions about homosexuality dispelled. Susan Braudy is to be commended for the obviously thorough research that went into writing this novel as well as for having enough respect for her readers to develop realistic characters that the reader can actually care about.

On a final note—readers of both sexes and all sexual persuasion will enjoy the steamy scenes scattered appropriately throughout the course of the story. They definitely keep things interesting!

"One Out Of Four"
by Donald Martin

I want to start off by saying that this highly-touted book was a MAJOR disappointment. The writing was poor, the characters were shallow and extremely two dimensional and the story served only to reinforce the same tired, old stereotyped images of homosexuality we have all grown to despise.

The story centers around four young men who, due to various circumstances, come to meet each other in Detroit. They become friends and establish a four-way symbiotic relationship. Eventually three of them turn to hustling for a living. Along the way we encounter a post-pubescent drag queen and a "drill sergeant butch" lesbian. Soon, organised crime gets involved in the scene and by this point anything can happen—and does.

At times it becomes very trying to read this book because the plotline becomes so hackneyed and tedious, you really couldn't care less about what happens to the main characters because it not longer seems very important. The premise for the story had a lot of potential but unfortunately either the author couldn't pull it off properly or he just didn't care enough to want to. Do yourself a favour and save your money as far as this book goes.

"The Gender Trap"
by Chris Johnson, Cathy Brown and Wendy Nelson

The subtitle on the book jacket reads: "The moving autobiography off Chris & Cathy, the first transsexual parents." Having a dear friend in Toronto who is a transsexual probably had a lot to do with this book catching my eye. I wasn't sure about the parenting part, but I bought the book anyway. I was expecting an unrealistic account of two transsexuals falling in love and getting married and living happily ever after. I was pleasantly surprised to find the warm, human story surrounding the circumstances of this British couple.

Starting off logically with the early lives of Chris and Cathy, the book doesn't attempt to shock or entertain, it seems to be written as though the main characters are dear friends who are telling you about their past. The story continues with how Chris and Cathy realised that they somehow felt wrong with the roles they were born into and how they met

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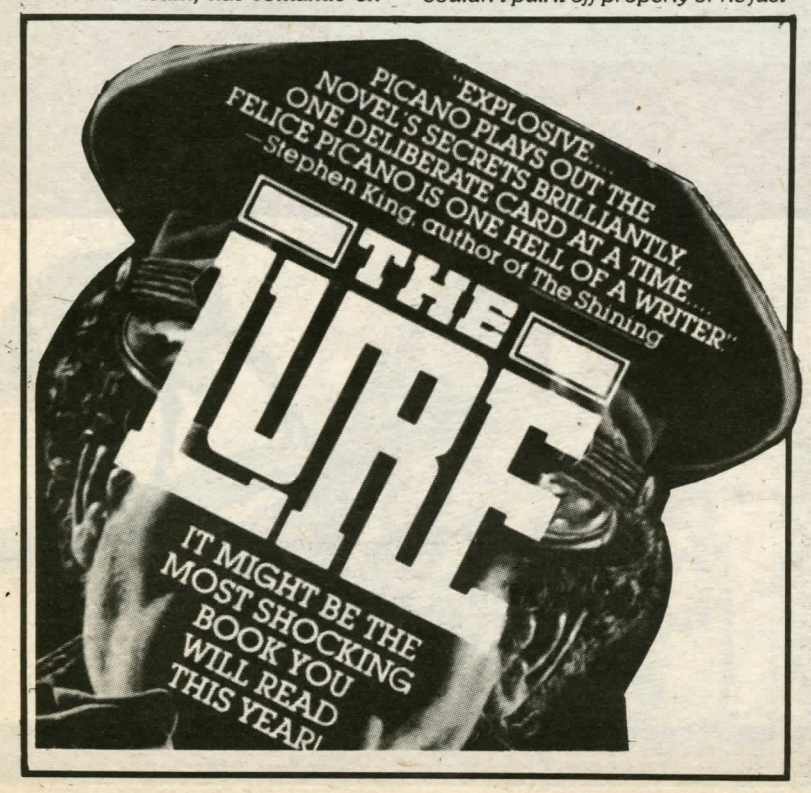
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My name is Zami

by Carolyn Gammon

Audre Lorde
"Zami, A new Spelling of My Name'

Zami: A Carriacou name for women who work together as friends and lovers.

Audre Lorde is a "Black lesbian feminist warrior poet" (a self-description) and "Zami" is her autobiography or, as Lorde calls it, her "Biomythography."

We watch young Audre grow up in racist, sexist and homophobic Amerika, in New York City. Her early home life is steeped in the ways and meanings of her Grenadian immigrant parents who, by denial, try to protect their children from the realities of racism. When the family is refused service in a Washington D.C. ice cream parlour, it becomes symbolic for the hypocrisy of post-war U.S.A.: "Thousands of american boys had died to make the world safe for democracy, even though my family couldn't be served ice cream in Washington D.C."

As Lorde's personal and political life develops, she experiences the inevitable and excruciating break from her family. The snapshot scenes of her search for degrading jobs, paying with her body and factory work where all workers are either "Black, Puerto Rican or women" gives insight into systems of oppression still very much intact and prevalent today. As a Black, she is "invisible"; as a woman she is "other"; as lesbian, she is isolated, without a support system, a history, without a language. Compounding all this is poverty, graphically illustrated by the anything-in-the-cupboard meals, shoplifting and the continual hunt for free food.

For her, the [illegible]
(an FBI frame-up and execution of two militant left activists during the McCarthy era) "became synonymous for being able to live in this country at all." She understands that the Fourth of July is a "travesty" for American Blacks, that among the left "homosexuality was outside the party line," that even Black "Brotherhood" did not ensure safety: "When your Black brother calls you a ball-buster and tricks you up into his apartment and tries to do it to you...it was an instant consciousness raiser." And, "of course, gay people were not racist—After all, didn't they know what it was like to be oppressed?" Lorde spares no group in her honest political assessment.

"Zami" is a triumphant, sensitive and enlightening book. As a lesbian writer, Lorde has dared what many women before her have not, she talks about "the body". Virginia Woolf, 50 years before had wrestled with her imagination only to surface "something about the body, about the passions which was unfitting for her as a woman to say. Men, her reason told her, would be shocked." (Women and Writing). "I mean, what is a woman?" Virginia asked, "I assure you, I do not know," she answered.

"Zami" knows. A woman is political, a woman is social, intellectual, but a woman is also body, is erotic, is a lover, is powerful.

Lorde reclaims "the body" for woman. She starts by not leaving anything out. At age eleven she submits to having a boy put his "thing" between her legs at threat of having her glasses broken and wonders for four years: Is she pregnant? She writes of her first menstruation, not a popular subject for the literary classics. She writes about her own kitchen table abortion but politicises her personal experience by putting it in the context of friends who had used coat-hangers, quinine pills, or died on the way to the hospital. She writes about breast cancer and mastectomy. And, she writes about her shared love and sexuality with women.

Rumors
Color, lights spin above
strobe below
noise, unfamiliar faces, drinks
mock intimacy

but we disappear
into space of our two bodies
we disappear

Hands wanting over backs
or breasts, meeting
hand in intimate hand.

And mostly, our eyes
striding into one another
yours, dipped, blue
mine, wide, awe-accepting.
Eyes meet, make love.

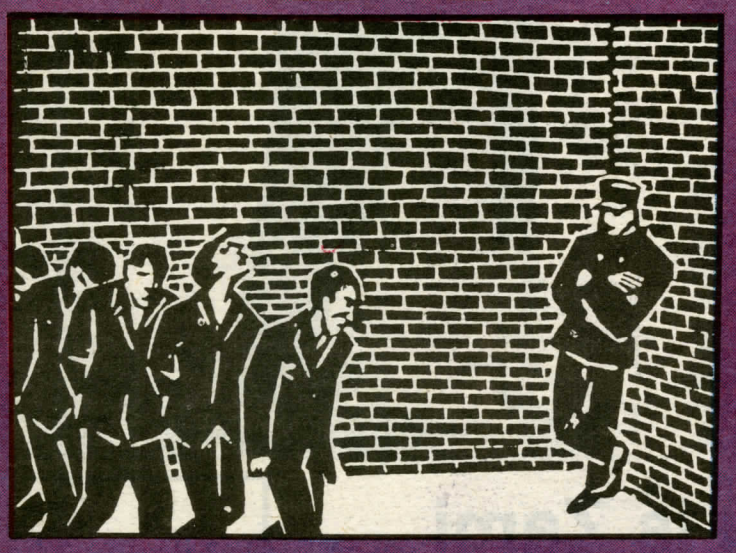
Down, down our bodies
past eyes and arms
breasts together
stomachs soft
thrive our pelvis music makers
cunts can sing
thighs strum.

I want to dance with you
to dance as we danced
with all our bodies
our lesbian love
with all our sex
in small steps
of close music.
by Carolyn Gammon

Beasties

by Madame X-Ray
Oh boy you boys
some boys and girls here
really ready to tear
all the words apart
rip them up send them out
in pieces boy pieces
girl pieces big pieces
small pieces.

Oh boy you girl some girls
are boys here really ready
to tear time apart
rip it out send it up
in pieces mad pieces
rage pieces stop pieces
start pieces



Any One

by Darrel Ecklund

And all at once when looking at the ceiling memory opens. The gulf of slain union. The miracle of heads alive and pulsating on a pillow, sullen sleep escaping.

The dust and dirt of open windows wide to summer upon summer. The twisting silver bird framed, the curtains thick and dark, telling true the touches in the dead of night. Every inch an instant seizure of skin pressed hard against the bone. The flesh of life existing still with blood and marrow, arteries and veins and bone with muscle.

Strength in the ceiling there above coloured grey. The top, the sides, the cells whole body, the bottom. Visionary ascension.

The ripeness of love. A suspension of matter returning to earth. The rot of it.

Calling all the while to fill whole the sunken, to pull the weights faster from fastening plummets. The face of the past pressing so close as to pervert the present pleasure from pleasure.

Tremblings of the body walls have not yet plied off the ceiling. That is intact yet, to which no change or need for it, has not broken, but cracked slightly so.

One round heavy stone of sentiment staid, again vaguely anyones hell of repitition. Rebounding off and on upwards downwards again and again.

There is no need to stay upon that. No need. But yet the need is proof to ignore. Litter within the weeds.

The herefore is so as to tread functions of time, of four dimensions in space. The fingers long past the point to blend colour to colour, youth to you. The decay of such beautiful forms as arms circling the heart. Of hands playing scenes for the eyes to remember. "Till death and more." All those times times tension. All those kinds of pleasure.

Amazing it still calls, telling of a bright red cold and not too unhappy home to bring the unborn things and thoughts too.

Trees wavering wild winds near the edges of cliffs unmentionable. There is there, and it cannot be another place.

At now to be there or being being. In being body there is no slight shining fact as to whether what is there.

Looking fast at the ceiling remember remembering, remember tall the metaphysical memory.

Pale and hopefully right, the light goes out intentionally tonight. A phantom passed by. Unheralded and quite calm stalking mental hallways.

A path worn through, a voice silent never used. Not a single stone was touched. Not a token thrown. But an inch of fire away. The feverish smell of death and love. Plain and bare bones again passing on and on and only islands of everybody standing out, standing out for anybody without dirt on.

Plain and bare covered simply thin with dust. There, water is rising.

Paroles du Silence

par Carolyna
Un mot qu'on cache.
Un mot qu'on fuit.
Mot qui ressurgit des sombres catacombes, coincé entre les stalactites et les stalagmites, quand le dédain se lit sur les lèvres.
Symbole de l'étrangeté.
Symbole au goût de cirque.
Aventures mystérieuses nommées sans nom.
Rêves damnés au fond d'un puit sec, isolés dans la brique froide qui renferme l'écho.

Un mot qu'on cache.
Un monde inconnu.
Un monde qui vit malgré le silence.
Un coeur qui bat dans la pénombre.
Des bruits secs se font entendre.
L'âpre odeur d'une coquille qui craque.
L'étourdissement ressenti au contact de l'air.
Regards qui voient, éblouis par la dure clarté.

Un mot qu'on cache.
Un duvet qui pique.
Un mot pourtant inoffensif.
Paroles d'un sentiment.
Paroles d'un coeur.
Fluides d'un corps qui se veut aile.
Un mot qu'on effleure du bout des doigts.
Un son humide qui chatouille le palais de celles qui le prononcent bien.
Le glissement de l'impalpable.

Un mot qu'on cache.
Un monde qu'on tait.
Une vie qu'on étouffe dans les bas-fonds de l'invisible.
Rêves intimes.
Rêves cachés.
Jardins lointains où nos âmes se perdent.
Libertés cloîtrées.
Beautés enfouies sous le souvenir d'une cité perdue.

Un mot qu'on cache.
Un mot que j'aime.
Mot qui vibre dans mon sang.
Paradis de lumière où mon coeur naît.
Paradis d'amour où mon âme bouge.
Source dans laquelle je plonge ma vie.
Lit où mon corps se délie.
Soif de vie.

Un mot que j'aime
Un mot que je suis
Lesbienne.

Night Runner

by ian stephens

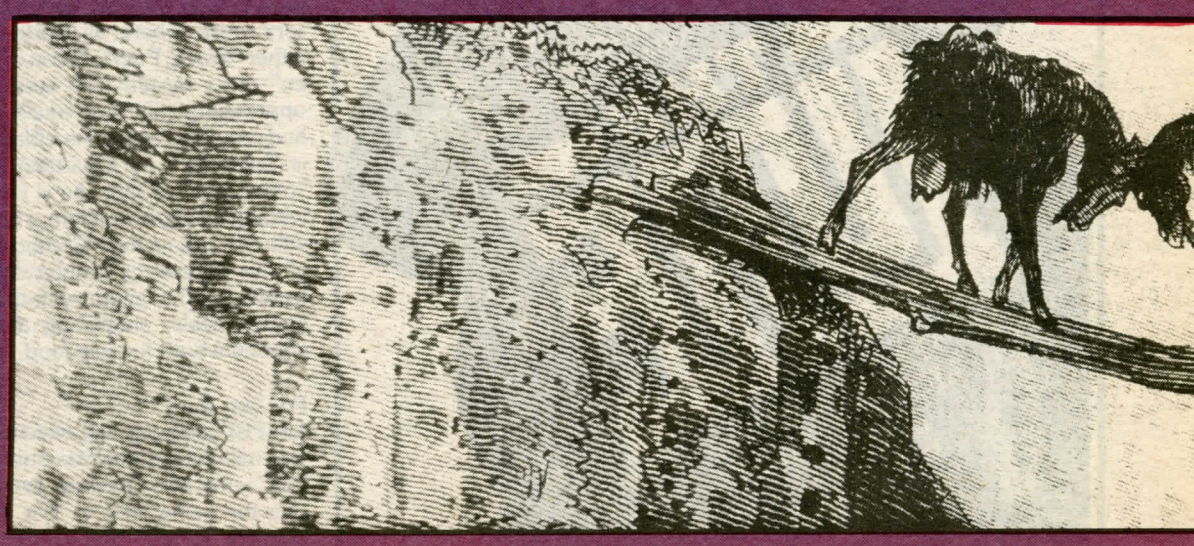
His heat glistening
leopard thighs
pumping around
the grey
circle eyes
that return
again

Sirens moan
as he
relaxes
shaking his wet
mane pulling off
behind the tree
touching the bark

light flesh
heat

white pidgeons rise
as beauty

cracks and sirens
sleep



Dripping Double Bubble on a Hawaiian Tropic Beach

by Dru Spotts

Valium. Thick smoke polluting the mind and the already too polluted air. Doing bloody red Rhone wine. Responding to the midday sun with a greek salad- extra olives, extra cheese. The sweat beading on the dark, tannned flesh frying in a slick pool of "Hawaiian Tropic." Watching all the "cliques" flaunting all their dicks. Dropping and dropping out. Rolling around and oiling it up. Cruising up and down the shoreline as if their ship was to come in, or maybe to go out. All the popular music of all the popular clubs filtering across imaginary boundries, floating on the wind from scene to various scene. Another fragmented reflection from yet another cool pair of "Ray-Bans" momentarily blinds me. The stench of burning jocks and cum-soaked beach towels rises, pervading the "Hawaiian Tropic". I'm choking on it! I can't breath! Its all too much for me! AIR! Get me to the cool damp air of the change-room. Truly the bowels of the earth compared to hell-hole inferno outside. Relief, what a relief! A forty-foot communal piss pot alternately flushing and dripping, flushing and dripping. Upon a polished wooden bench lay old discarded sport socks and T-shirts too hastily left behind. Wads of toilet paper lay strewn across the damp mildewed floor amongst dead condoms who had already seen their purpose. Tired old trolls searching, looking for bridges they never owned. Neurotic daddies hustling little children into available stalls. In the very deepest and darkest corners, vampires lurking. The taste of it on their lips, amyl oozing from their pores, their thick swelling cockheads dripping on the damp cool floor. Shadows in the darkness. Sub-human sponges all too ready, all too willing to suck the life-blood of any victim who falls within their grasp. My energy drained of me, I stumble to the door. The light hitting me, dizzying me, washing over me like a violent wave of radiation. The temperature mounting, the crowds seemingly twisting and melting. Time to refresh this body of mine standing in line waiting for some cool relief. Tripping over little tarts hanging by the hair of their daddys' legs. Taunt, sweaty buns stretching over the counter begging for some refreshment. Push and shove, push and shove. But now its my turn. Oh no, confusion! What do I want? So many flavours to choose from! Rocky Road! Banana Split! Chocolate Almond! Strawberry Delight! Luscious Lemon! Oh, but wait! Here she comes! Here she comes with the Double Bubble! Oh boy! Double Bubble! A double Double Bubble in the sticky palm of my hand! I fall into a cool, green grassy slope. My place of indulgence, my observation point overlooking the sex-starved inferno below. The slope stretches my body, pulling my body downward towards that hot sand. That hot sand beckoning me towards those hot twisted bodies squirming with expectations of things to come...

Frantically, hungrily I attack it. I bite into it, swallowing abruptly. Playfully I tongue it, licking it, circling it with my tongue so as not to lose a drop. Then as if I can't stand it any longer I suck it into my mouth. Savoring its thick consistency sliding down my throat, I close my eyes in ecstasy...

A shadow falls across me. Shivering, I open my eyes to the image of a man. His tall, muscular body wrapped in skin as dark and smooth as the richest olive. His hair black, black as the blackest coal that fires the furnaces of hell. His eyes deep pools, blue as the bluest Mediterranean Sea. Everything melted as I stared up into this Adonis descended from Olympia. I shuddered as a thick blob fell on my chest and a green gum-ball rolled down my torso landing abruptly in my belly-button. Embarrassed, I looked away...

My Greek God knelt down before me, plucked it up, popped it in his mouth, and asked me "Can I have a lick?".

bad boys talk

by thomas burnside

feet like mine i've seen somewheres all naked and twisted
like veins popped pow blood sent to the heavens cased inna
black an blue pallor or was it
white
simple mud shoes worn an tired
glued to gutter earth
yup buried ankles broken dream bones slash read it like it is
mortar fire took off
the toes an sent'em
flyin an twitchin in the final wave
of battle
say goodbye nite nite to that passin'
breath
life can only hang in so long fore its caught inna photo graphic
stillness
the really real dust not settled in
somethin kin to bullets
grey shells
these fleshy stubs spent left lyin'
where they fell
seed planted for the war harvest
yeah read it like
it is
boom

I've got an angry
Poem for you and
It's not the type
You Thought

I won't dig up my
Guts like the crane
Digs Rubble

I'm not blue
From no blood
When I slike
Daily pain

Why do I need
To even name
The agony?

When I know
And you know
That the slaughtering
Goes on

That my dress is
Too tight
And my vagina
Split open

That my yell is
Too fragile
And my face
Puctured

Why should I meddle
In my old attic
To find lost words
And essays of tremor

Why do I have to sit
With nouveau male
Liberationalists
Over coffee,
I say over and over
Again
I say, I am a woman
And I feel this pain
I feel your eyes watch
Me, when you
Are not there
I feel your hairy hands
Haunt
When I am alone
I feel your dissected
Version of woman
Spit onto glass walls
And lights and mirror
Hangings of cars

I bend for a chocolate
Bar and a woman
I do not know
A woman she does
Not know, lifts
Her condemned
Breasts in a magazine
Called "JUGS" and
She smiles pregnant
With a sand-BLASTER
Rooted in her vagina
And the anti-abortionists
Make violence my
Choice by selling sex
With misogyny, by
Selling misogyny with
Sex and by bowing
To weaponry and
Starvation for surplus
And Demand and
Capitalism and pointing
Evangelist fingers like
Penis' and threats
Of daddy over daughter
Father, king, brother
Syndrome, infallible
Androcentricity

by Les Tager

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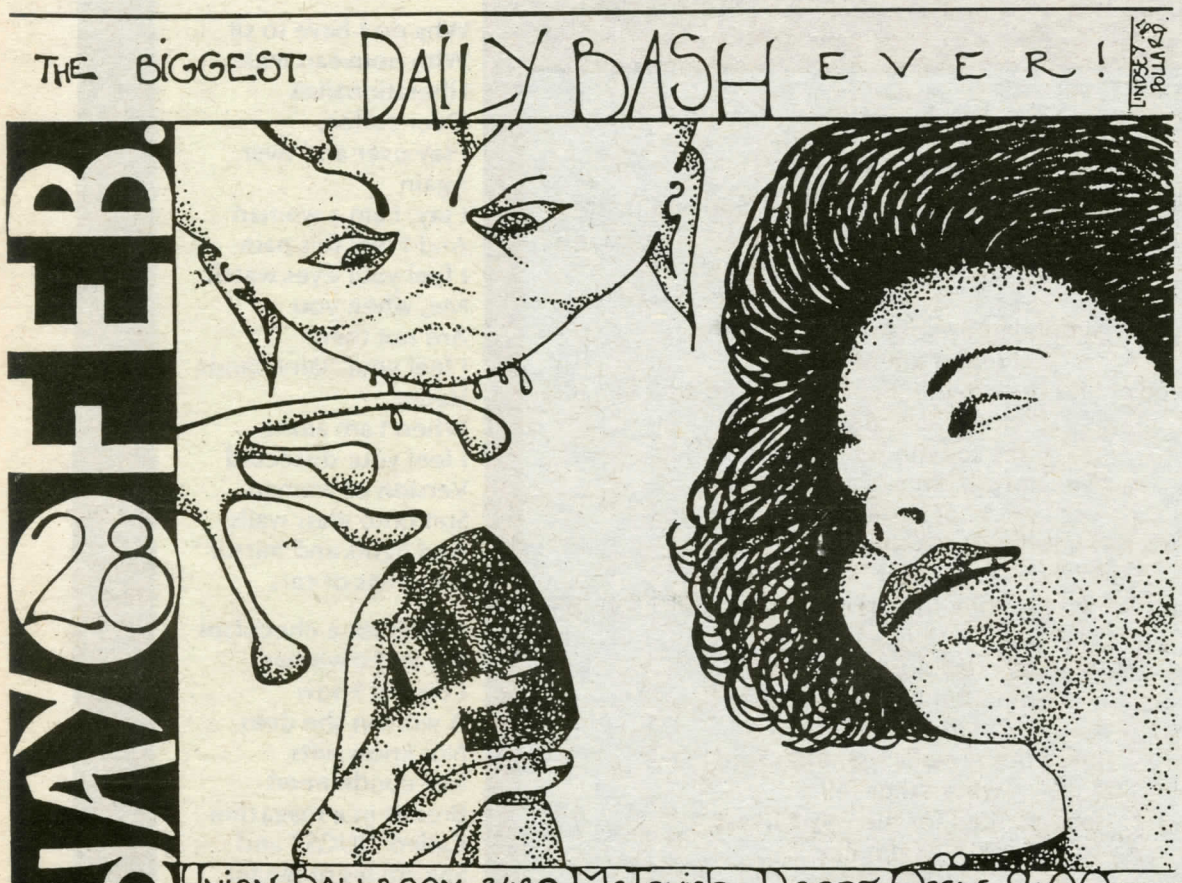

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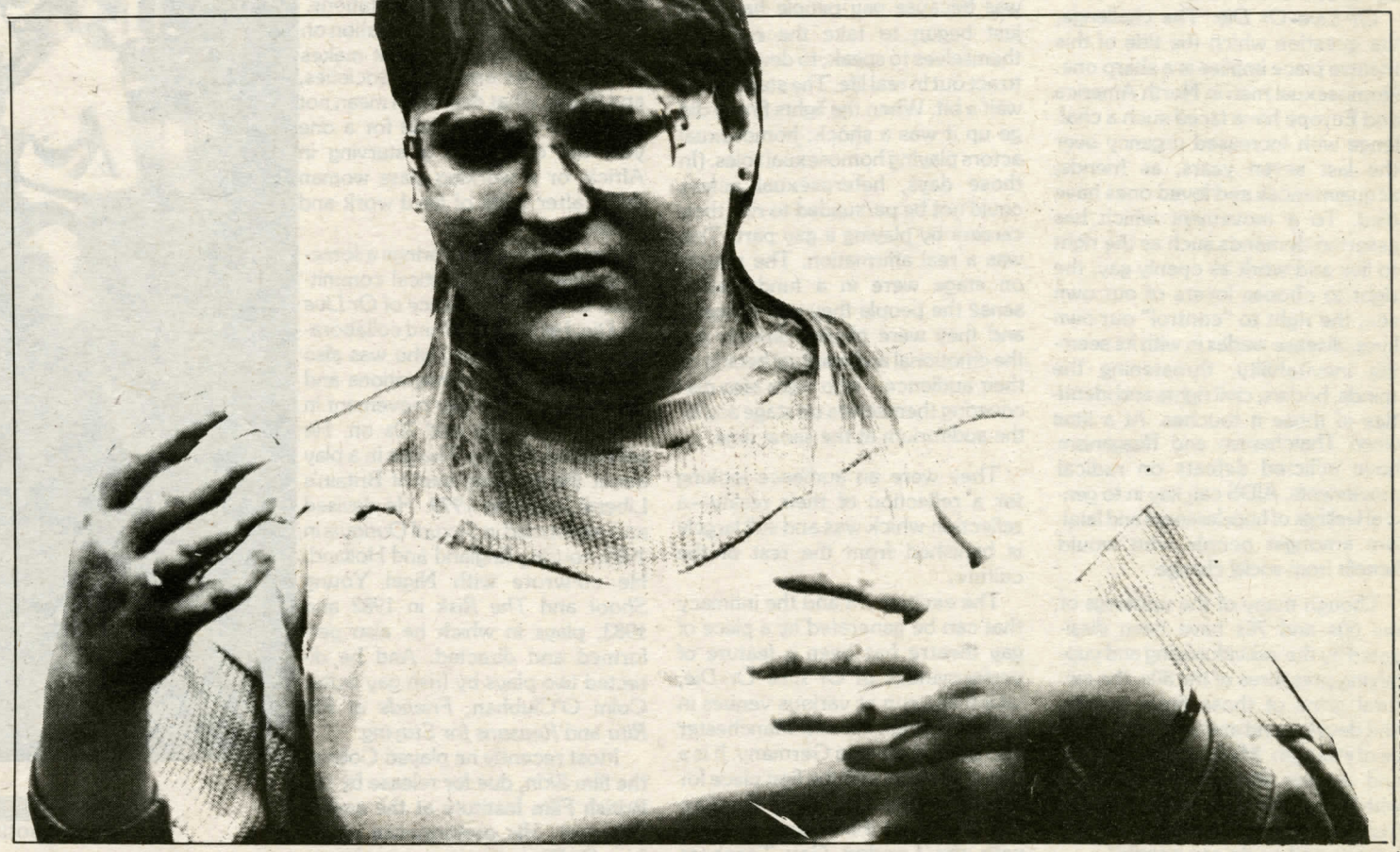


PHOTO: MIKE THOMAS

by lynn suderman

Stephanie is lucky, relatively speaking. She was blessed with a gravelly Marlene Deitrich voice, blond hair and a roundish, soft-featured face.

In a matter-of-fact tone, she spoke of all her friends who had recently died or committed suicide. An extraordinary percentage of her friends had killed themselves although Stephanie is still under 30 years old.

For the past four years Stephanie has lived, breathed and walked the city streets as a woman. Twenty-odd years ago, when her mother gave birth to her, Stephanie was the third son in the family. Now she is the first daughter.

With a leather cap on her long hair and wearing a pair of jeans, Stephanie contradicts the stereotype of transsexuals as flamboyant queens. " I'm comfortable enough to break rules," she said. Women who live as men have an easier time because there are a lot of short men, but how many six-foot women are there with a five o'clock shadow?

One of the biggest problems of transsexuals is self-esteem. A fear that people will laugh at them on the street and say "that man is wearing a dress." They don't have 20 years of experience dressing as a woman and putting on make-up.

"In order to pass well, in order to be believed, they go ultra-femme. Personally I found that being low-keyed, being myself, works," said Stephanie. It can be devastating to walk down the street and not pass and as a result, many see no alternative other than taking their own lives.

Unlike transvestites who cross-dress for fun and for sexual stimulation, transsexuality is a medical condition called gender dysphoria. It is "the medical problem of feeling wrong with your body," said Stephanie.

There are varying degrees of gender dysphoria. Some people are comfortable occasionally cross-dressing while the more extreme cases are full-time transsexuals.

Because gender dysphoria is both mocked and misunderstood in our society, transsexuals devise infinite ways of placating their egos, both for themselves and for the people they come across in their day to day lives. Some, whose physical appearance prevents easy assimilation in their new gender roles rarely venture out in public. The transvestite and transsexual community becomes their entire social lives. Many are part-time gender crossers, working in one role and coming home to transform into the other.

Stephanie outlined the five stages of acknowledging gender dysphoria, but cautioned these were her own definitions and other transsexuals would possibly explain their condition differently.

The first stage, she said, occurs "usually in young childhood and is a feeling of wrongness about yourself." No one can decide whether transsexuality originates in up-bringing, nurture, or is physiologically based, nature. "Personally I believe the point is moot," said Stephanie adding that she knew since she was a young child that she was different from her peers.

There is no way to accurately say if parents and environment are the cause of gender dysphoria or if it is a hormonal condition of a female or male brain in an opposite sex body.

During the person's teenage years the second, or labeling, stage occurs. "They become aware they are transsexual, possibly by accident. Like someone calling you 'she' instead of 'he' and saying to yourself 'this feels good, it feels right.' Or by hearing a joke about Rene Richards," said Stephanie.

"Sometimes people react by totally submerging themselves in their birth role," she said. Women become exaggerated femmes and men very macho because of the conflict between societal expectation and self-realisation.

When the person decides to start doing something about their acknowledged gender dysphoria, s/he has reached the third stage.

"Most have seen psychiatrists for years and years. Some of them helped, some fucked me up totally. Most psychiatrists are assholes and T.S.'s (transsexuals) usually hate them," said Stephanie.

Many people never go beyond the third stage. At this point transvestites and transsexuals are, in practise, indistinguishable. the T.S. is "generally being a part-time gender cross," she said. "People with minor dysphoria live comfortably with this—it's enough."

When s/he lives full time in the new role, s/he is technically considered a transsexual and is usually referred to as pre-operative. "This is when your family and your friends are won or lost. You can lose your job and there is a huge suicide rate," said Stephanie. If the transsexual has a spouse and children, that life must be sacrificed.

Hormone therapy, electrolosis and a legal change of name are all part of this stage. The switch is painful, embarrassing and occasionally funny. "One time," said Stephanie, "I went into a bank and asked to have my visa card changed because I had a name change. The woman behind the counter took a look at the card and said 'there must be some mistake. This is a man's name'."

Stephanie considers herself fortunate because her parents were very supportive. "Some parents say their child died, or no longer talk about the child. As if he or she never existed."

The Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto has the only clinic where the operation is performed in Canada. Their arbitrary guidelines prevent 80 per cent of transsexuals from achieving their goal and the financial burden is a further deterrent.

The sex change is seen as the final barrier to a new life by many transsexuals. Afterwards, life will finally be perfect. "A lot of them go to extremes to raise the money. Not many have jo5s because they look like a freak," said Stephanie. Realistically, the quality of life remains unchanged post-operatively and, again, there is a lot of suicide.

The operation itself is dangerous. It takes four to six hours for male to female and longer for the reverse. Serious complications are possible since it is major surgery and is still in the experimental stages.

Unlike the lesbian and gay community where a positive self-image and pride in their own sexuality has become predominate, Stephanie says "I wouldn't wish this on anyone. It would still be devastating even if society was different."

The medical profession defines a true transsexual as someone for whom the operation would be beneficial. If the Gender Identity Clinic at Clarke Institute finds out a person has a regular lover or has turned to prostitution to raise money, it severly limits the chances of being one of the lucky 20 per cent. "The powers that be don't want to hear that they're using 'it', because why do they want it cut off then," said Stephanie.

Officially gender dysphorics are considered asexual. The medical and psychological establishment justify this label by insisting that sexual intercourse accentuates the painful contrast between the adopted gender and the physical body. In reality transsexuals are as much sexual beings as anyone else. To be able to qualify for the operation, however, they systematically lie to the medical profession, saying what is expected of them.

Transsexuals are not necessarily androphiles (people who are attracted to men) or gynophiles (an attraction to women). One person might be bisexual, and post-operatively become heterosexual or homosexual. Sexual orientation is not the problem of gender dysphorics, however open sexuality is usually limited to the transsexual and transvestite community.

Stephanie explained the problems of dealing with lovers in the main stream world and within the lesbian and gay establishment. "If I pick up a straight man, when I get undressed he'll shoot me. I can't pick up a gay man because I look like a woman, or a straight woman for the same reason. If I pick up a lesbian, when I get undressed she'll shoot me."

Science is still searching for the roots of gender dysphoria. Stephanie is pessimistic. "I hope they find a cure but I don't think they will. It's too complex. Right now it cannot be cured but there are things to make life easier like hormone therapy."

The number of men and women who feel they are living in the wrong gender body is about equal these days. The typical age of a transsexual is mid-twenties because being open about their sexuality is a near-impossibility while still a minor, and suicide or dying from surgical complications is a common fate.

During Stephanie's talk on transsexuality sponsored by LGFC (Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia) she is called a survivor. She laughs and says it's only because she doesn't own a gun. More seriously she adds that the emotional support she has received is, at times, her life-line. Like many other transsexuals she is waiting for her operation and dreams of an eventual life of anonymity.

As dismal as life may be for a transsexual, Stephanie has kept her light-hearted sense of humor. With a mischievous grin she points out the inherent complexity of her life. "Between four and six times a day I have to break the law. Every time I go to the women's washroom."

Bisexual women

Bisexuals don't share fully with the lesbian or the heterosexual communities. We are a unique group whose presence is only beginning to be considered legitimate.

Sixteen bisexual women gathered at Concordia on January 25 to discuss this sexual choice as viable, positive and affirming. Weekly meetings have resulted and an autonomous bisexual voice is emerging.

The issues we address are diverse. Bisexual space and visibility. Integrating our "heterosexual" and "lesbian" sides. Coming out. Validating our desire. Simply having fun and the relief of being ourselves. Creating a dialogue with lesbians. How to proceed ethically in our lives and in interaction with others.

The group emphasises openness and support of every woman's experience. We want to understand the fear many of us feel about our sexual orientation and transform it into an ally.

The support of this group is obvious and we can see a tangible improvement of our self-acceptance in a world that denies us legitimacy.

You can contact us at 848 7449 or come to the Simone de Beauvoir Institute (2170 Bishop) Sundays at 2 pm.

Or Live Or Die, the play

by Oscar Stein-Hall

Or Live-Or Die. The challenge, the question which the title of this theatre piece implies is a sharp one. Homosexual men in North America and Europe have faced such a challenge with increased urgency over the last seven years, as friends, acquaintances and loved ones have died. To a movement which has asserted demands such as the right to live and work as openly gay, the right to choose lovers of our own sex, the right to "control" our own lives, disease wades in with its seeming inevitability, threatening the minds, bodies, civil rights and identities of those it touches. At a time when Thatcherism and Reaganism have inflicted defeats on radical movements, AIDS can key in to general feelings of hopelessness and fatalism amongst people who would benefit from social change.

Though many of the uprisings of the 60s and 70s have been dissipated by the individualising and yuppifying pressures of the 80s, the cultural gains of those times remain and develop and are a potenial source of strength. Many artists, writers, and singers identified themselves with those struggles, whether Black, Irish or French Canadian. So do women and so do gay people.

In England, one of the early gay expressions was theatre. Groups like Brixton Faeries and Gay Sweatshop blazed the trail for gay theatre. Now we take it for granted that gay characters can appear in soap operas and movies. In the mid 70s the very idea that a gay person could exist in a piece of dramatic fiction seemed strange. But perhaps that was because gay people had only just begun to take the right for themselves to speak, to develop and to act out in real life. The stage could wait a bit. When the lights finally did go up it was a shock; homosexual actors playing homosexual roles. (In those days, heterosexual actors could not be persuaded to risk their careers by playing a gay part). This was a real affirmation. The people on stage were in a fundamental sense the people they were playing and they were playing directly for the emotional and spiritual benefit of their audience—who were also discovering themselves on stage and in the auditorium at the same time.

They were an audience looking for a reflection of their reality—a reflection whick was and still largely is banished from the rest of the culture.

The excitement and the intimacy that can be generated by a piece of gay theatre has been a feature of performances of *Or Live Or Die*, which has run at various venues in London, Brighton and Manchester and several cities in Germany. It is a one man show and the first piece for theatre written by Peter Bradley. For ten years Peter was involved with the London Gay Teachers Group and South London Gay Liberation until he gave up teaching to write. His personal experience is imprinted on the piece, whether its a walk in the French countryside, or a gay pupil coming out to him at school—when he was one of three openly gay teachers working in London-or facing police harassment on a picket line. The play teams with scenes, characters and quotations. Throughout there is a meditation on birth and upbringing—what makes a child in this and other societies, and finally, what death can mean not only for a gay man, but for a one year old child who is starving in Africa, or a working class woman dying after a life of hard work and routine.

Stephen Gee Lind brings a forceful emotional and political commitment to his performance of *Or Live Or Die*. He is a friend and collaborator of Peter Bradley, who was also involved in the confrontations and the theatre of the gay movement in Brixton from the mid 70s on. He performed *Jeremy Thorpe* in a play about the pathetic fate of Britain's Liberal leader in 1979. He devised and performed in *Sexual Outlaws* in 1980, touring England and Holland. He co-wrote with Nigel Young *Shoot* and *The Risk* in 1982 and 1983, plays in which he also performed and directed. And he directed two plays by Irish gay writer Colm O'Clubhan, *Friends of Rio Rita* and *Reasons for Staying*.

Most recently he played Colin in the film *Skin*, due for release by the British Film Institute at the end of this year. His performance of *Or Live Or Die* is a unique experience. As London's weekly *Capital Gay* said: "the writing and the performance have a life and passion that was a pleasure to discover... "DON'T MISS IT!"

Sponsored by Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia. To be performed March 6, 8:30 p.m., VA Bldg., Room 114, 1395 Dorchester West.

By Dru Spotts

hustling
trying to make a move
it's a short term solution
prostitution
sleasy easy money
long term evolution
the greatest rush
the highest high
twisted, wasted, falsified
sexuality
a gift to man
the fire of spirit
snubbed
as something that one condemns
yet craves
is it worth it
attitude
is there any respect or is it just attitude
lifestyle
merry go around & around & around
and where she stops nobody knows
but don't get dizzy or you'll be sick
sick and tired
not christian science
but an existence like no other
a decadence like no other
never forgotten
a sacrifice to accept
a sacrifice to dismiss
pride
but only a few choose jokers
and the jokers are wild...

union

by thomas burnside
me writing my mine my mine my writing me you
you reading my yours my yours my mine my reading you
we knowing us ours us ours we knowing
the word the word the word the word
between us between
ours our
knowing
together

Hallowe'en Fun

by Patricia Eldyne Button

Dick invited eight boys to a Hallowe'en party. On the way to Dick's house Andy thought, "I'll hide behind this tree and scare the others." All at once someone jumped out at him. "Oh," said Andy, "I tried to scare you, but you fooled me."

All the boys wore funny old clothes. They played games and bobbed for apples. There was a dish full of nuts and candy. "Every boy has a sweet tooth," said Dick's mother. " My boy surely has one."

Young and old faces

by Gary Gall

People often think of relationships between an older person and a younger partner when a gay couple is mentioned.

"Straight people usually think young people are not old enough to make up their minds," said Kevin Shelton, general coordinator of Lambda Youth. "The idea is that older people are more conniving and so will naturally use young people."

Sharon, who is 17, says she prefers to have relationships with older women.

"I'm more comfortable with them. They talk about other things, besides their navel. They have more experience..." she says.

Shelton also feels that "an older person generally has more experience and therefore can offer a sense of security."

Andre, who, at 20, has most of his relationships with younger partners, says "most of the time its obviously the looks—a certain amount of 'maturity'. Guys want security so they look for it in another person.

"I like someone younger or older with a boyish look," he says.

But according to David, a man in his 30s, "There's the physical, but there's a lot more than that. There is the idealistic outlook on life."

Most people think of the stereotype of an older man getting sex and the younger being the pupil.

"I contribute 50 per cent of the relationship," responds David. "There's been two major ones." he adds "and I loved the people very deeply and they loved me...on almost every aspect we felt an equality to each other."

"Sex is not important," says Andre. "I'd rather make love in a relationship than just sex."

As for Sharon, she says "a lot of it's physical physical. I love to touch a women that's older than me... sexually I don't feel inferior.

"I had two of them. One was 33 and the other one was 30. They weren't stable relations, they were rather physical, intellectual but not loving relations. It wasn't satisfactory because I didn't meet their needs."

"Some young guys want artificial things from a relationship," says Andre ."Like a car, apartment...*It*!

"All my relationships have been with persons younger than I am. The reason why I'm not going out with them is ...those artificial things. They are looking for something I couldn't give and they wouldn't accept me the way I am.

"Another one of the reason s it didn't last could be love at first sight. They see you in a certain light and don't want you to change," adds Andre.

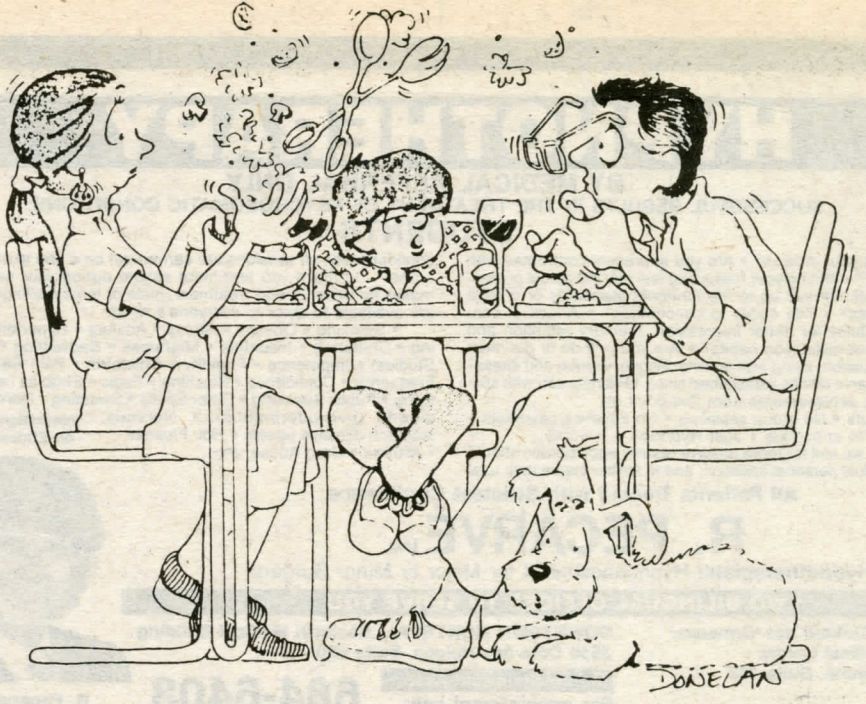
According to the two older men, friends usually don't understand.

"Often they remark 'what do you get out of it aside from sex' or 'what can he possibly offer you'," says David. "I disagree. I think young people have a fresh perspective on life rather than just being cynical about what they see."

"Society basically neglects that young people have emotions. Society incorrectly assumes that young people are incapable of dealing with their emotions," says Shelton.

The older partner in a relationship between two gays or lesbians is usually judged by society for doing something morally wrong. It prejudices those so called gay recruiters because they were notconditioned into a normal lifestyle.

Older/younger relationships exist. Not all are great or tragic for the first time. Nor should one expect them to be, but it's a part of growing together.



I hope you realize that your heterosexuality will not necessarily prejudice my eventual affectional-preference choice.

Polly Learns New Words/Polly Disappoints Betsy

by Patricia Eldyne Button

Betsy liked to go to Aunty Zekes' cabin and amuse herself with Polly the parrot. But it was impossible for Betsy to go very often, because she had too much work to do.

One day Aunty Zeke came to her house carrying her parrot in a cage. "I must be away for ten days," she announced. Then she added, "I know that you like Polly and that Polly ought to like you. Won't you care for her until I get back?"

"Oh yes! I'd love to," cried Betsy. Her eyes glowed with happiness. "I'll be just as good to her as if she were mine."

Every day Betsy played with Polly, fed her, and cleaned her cage. And every day Betsy amused herself by trying to teach Polly new words.

In the spirit of discovery

by Philip Ashclown

Asking questions about whether or not mom and dad have a gay kid is never easy. Even if gayness doesn't enter into your world the pain of an intimate doubt can be appreciated by most. Confidence is crucial to the development of one's self-esteem, without some trust in others the self-doubting person can feel awfully alone. when the question is if your are gay, well, you can't talk to just anyone. In fact, for many people, and for a seemingly endless period of time, you can't talk to anyone at all. To resolve this isolation and powerlessness you need one thing: information.

Despite the existence of such groups as LGFC (Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia), the face to face discussions of something you're not sure you want to reveal is not always your first move. On your own you start to investigate the resources of your community in the hope of learning. In the sometimes quiet of our libraries some serious investigations are taking place.

As the reference librarian would have told you in your first ever tour of the library, if you want to get an idea of what titles the library holds under a particular heading you simply check the subject card catalogue and all is there. If what you are looking for is material on being gay, or gayness, you will have to look again. Besides a half dozen books on the Gay Liberation Movement the library appears to offer you nothing. Like so many other institutions in our society you can't go any further until you consult a higher authority, in this case, the Library of Congress Subject Headings. Here is the root of the situation. Not Gay, but Homosexual. Welcome to the margins of society. As Gore Vidal says in an interview in Christopher Street, "...the heterosexual dictatorship not only recognises its enemies but defines them in its own terms."

Non-sexist language will figure strongly in *the Link's* coming women's issue, though it is equally important for all minority groups to have a self-construed, self-definition. The word Gay is precisely that. To paraphrase the French Gay Rights leader of the early 1970s, Guy Hocquenghem, being gay is not like being black, Jewish, female, or Arabic, (not to minimise the oppression lived under these and other collectivities currently.) For someone seeking knowledge on being gay, to receive the designation "homosexual" is to begin on a potentially dangerous path of self-hatred and loathing that has been projected onto the gay person since society began its policy of divide and conquer within itself. Those who aren't familiar with the process of ostracism should consult the journals of sociological theory on legitimisation and power.

If substituting gay for homosexual seems like tautology to you still, perhaps the inclusion of studies and discussions on deviance may make the point clearer.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary does not offer much illumination on the subject. According to this usually reputable source a deviant is simply a "...thing or person that deviates from normal behavior." Norms, in the end, are only generalities, having no interest or concern for the particular, in this case people, you and me. If we are to consider norms as unconditional and definitive then we should be aware that we have entered what Nietzsche rightly called the pathological. Perhaps the rationale for placing books on deviancy in the section reserved for "homosexual" discussions is that the works made some reference to gayness, though the correct section would seem to be Criminology.

The choice of the word deviant to describe what two people of the same sex share with one and other is dubious because it contains in it the idea that there is a way that is self-evident for all to take. In order to gain votes in contemporary U.S. of A. it is sometimes necessary to identify an enemy as a rallying point. A Wandering Jew. The pattern is infamous. As the rash of Stallone Films points out, in phantasy the enemy is as clear as day. After the film is over, its just not that simple. Perhaps there is no enemy.

Homosexuality is considered by many gay advocates as suspect as it is couched in medical and hence psychiatric terms which have a history of regarding the gay person as suffering some malady. For those willing to do a little research the files of psychiatrists treating gay patients in the turn of this century makes reference to such theories as a weak father, a dominant mother, vice versa for the lesbian, theories which now are considered as simply grasping at straws. Aetiology doesn't exist in any coherent form regarding gayness because being gay is not a sickness. It is a state of being. It is a state of health.

Gay advocates may make progress in legal terms such as the Quebec charter of human rights inclusion of a ban on discrimination against people based on their sexual identity. It is also against the law to discriminate against people on the basis of race, i.e., colour, though the beating up of black people, although not yet proven in a court of law, continues to be a theme of urban life from Montreal to Austin, Texas. For the gay person to expect fair treatment from his or her compatriots is still to be asking more than most are willing to give. Though as the leader

continued on page 20

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Cinéma "Gay": les tendances '80

par Elie Castiel

Dans *The Celluloid Closet* (New York: Harper and Row, 1981), Vito Russo donne une image subjective, claire et détaillée de la thématique homosexuelle à l'écran depuis les débuts du cinéma jusqu'à 1980.

Trois variations sur le même thème se retrouvent dans *Gays and Film* (London, Engl.: British Film Institute, 1977); tandis que Caroline Sheldon expose ses vues sur le lesbianisme au cinéma, Richard Dyer formule ses opinions dans le domaine des stéréotypes "usés" par le cinéma commercial. De son côté, Jack Babuscio donne un aperçu analytique sur la sensibilité "gay" à l'écran en s'orientant surtout sur le côté "camp" (dans ce cas-ci, les rapports qui s'établissent entre des individus, des attitudes particulières, des situations données et l'homosexualité, le tout accompagné d'ironie et d'un goût pour l'exagération théâtrale.)

Discourir sur le cinéma "gay" d'avant les années 80 exigerait un labeur acharné, recours à de nombreuses références (et visionnements), bref, à un travail de bénédictin.

William Friedkin ouvre la présente décennie avec *Cruising*, une excursion complaisante dans un milieu homosexuel bien determiné, celui des adeptes de cuir. La même année, l'italien Salvatore Piscicelli brosse le tableau d'une relation entre deux femmes. *Immacolata e Concetta* aborde les territoires du mélodrame, mais reste tout de même un intéressant exercice de style brillament tenu par les deux vedettes principales.

Heureux du succès remporté par *La Cage aux Folles* (1978), Edouard Molinaro récidive une deuxième fois en tournant un deuxième épisode avec les mêmes personnages caricaturaux. Comme son prédécesseur, cette "continuation" s'intègre dans la pure parodie (voire même moquerie) de certaines attitudes homosexuelles, les faisant montrer comme stéréotypes du milieu "gay".

Taxi to the Loo de Frank Ripploh exige un ton réaliste (et surtout personnel). Par ailleurs, *Making Love* de Arthur Hiller marque un tournant positif dans la vision du cinéma commercial hollywoodien envers le thème, toujours tabou, de l'homosexualité. On peut oublier le côté "roman- savon" (soap opera) pour autant. Robert Towne entame avec *Personal Best*. Succès critique et plus ou moins commercial.

Mais tout de suite, on voit resurgir les contrecoups de *La Cage aux Folles* lorsque Blake Edwards tourne *Victor/ Victoria* et Sidney Pollack *Tootsie* (bien que ce dernier s'apparente plus au séduisant *Some like it hot* de Billy Wilder).

L'Homme blessé de Patrice Chéreau conduit le spectateur dans un univers cloîtré, un ghetto ou hédonisme et désespoir se côtoient dans la plus totale indifférence. Dans *Silkwood*, la relation entre Meryl Streep et Cher ne constitue pas le noyau du film.

Arthur Bressan Jr. réalise *Abuse*. D'un côté, il condamne l'exploitation abusive des jeunes, de l'autre, il favorise avec indulgence la relation (homosexuelle) entre un jeune de quatorze ans et un travailleur social adulte.

Le 9 novembre 1977, Harvey Milk, homosexuel, est élu à 47 ans, conseiller des superviseurs du District 5 à San Francisco, endroit libéral avec une grande concentration "gaie". Durant la même élection, Dan White, anciennement policier, est élu pour représenter le District 8, endroit plutôt conservateur. En mai 1978, Milk cautionne un projet de loi pour les droits des minorités (incluant celle homosexuelle) à San Francisco. Dix votent en sa faveur, Dan White étant le seul vote dissident.

Des querelles politiques s'ensuivent jusqu'au jour (et plus précisément le 27 novembre 1978) où Dan White tue le maire Moscone et Harvey Milk dans un bureau de l'Hôtel de Ville. Verdict: 5 années de prison pour Dan White. Le 7 juin 1984, il est libéré.

A travers cette exploration sur la courte carrière politique d'un défenseur des droits des minorités, Robert Epstein fait le récit d'une lutte contre l'obscurantisme de la société américaine. Par la même occasion, il dénonce toutes les formes de racisme et prêche pour une société plus libérale.

La Triche de Yannick Bellon évoque les sphères d'incertitude des comportements sexuels avec une certaine aisance. L'intérêt de cette histoire d'un commissaire de police qui va risquer sa carrière pour avoir maintenu une liaison homosexuelle, réside dans son aspect ambivalent: bon époux et bon père, il est parfaitement intégré à la société qu'il protège, laquelle le condamnera pour sa conduite cachée.

Helen Shaver et Patricia Charbonneau réussissent à donner une âme à *Desert Hearts* de Donna Deitch. Il est intéressant de constater que pour une des rares fois, on a voulu donner à un film à caractère homosexuel, un "happy-end". Engagement tenu par Bill Sherwood dans *Parting Glances* et Stephen Frears dans *My beautiful Launderette*.

Ces trois derniers films ont été tournés entre 1985 et 1986, donc tout récemment. Seraient-ils des signes d'une nouvelle ère pour le cinéma "gay", jusque-là marginalisé? Si l'on tient compte des essais souvent incertains du début des années 80, il faut avoir lieu d'espérer.

A group for gay youth

by Kevin Shelton

The gay or lesbian youth faces the exact same problems as any other youth. However, due to society's hostility towards homosexuality, the outcome can be very different.

Youth and "hetero-*sexuality*" is a difficult issue that, due to ignorance, myth, and bigotry, can be a traumatic growing up experience. However, when one changes the scenario by adding a sexual preference to one's own sex, the picture becomes radically different. Even though, fundamentally, the emotions, heterosexual or homosexual, are the same in all respects.

When young gay or lesbian people accepts their feelings towards persons of the same sex, there is a realisation that what they are feeling is socially wrong. Due to the supposed "rightness" of society, the young lesbian or gay men often accepts this social condemnation.

This in itself can be psychologically damaging. To be socially accepted is a basic human need. Consequently, in order to be accepted, gay and lesbian youth often adopts a doubble life to hide their socially inferred guilt. They are heterosexual to the outside world and homosexual only in their innermost self.

Love becomes conditional, wrong and destructive. Life becomes a continuous lie. Self-esteem and dignity become only a façade—impossible to truly attain. Again, only because, as human beings, we need to be *socially accepted*.

It is the fear and ignorance of homosexuality that keep people so adament in their hatred of it—and in their denial of it. Furthermore, the socially incurred alienation from self may be a prevalent factor why many gay youths turn to alcholism, drug abuse and in some cases, suicide.

Many young gays and lesbians fight hard to be the best at everything. They constantly seek approval and yet denounce themselves because they have internalised society's label of themselves. They deny the validity of their true feelings because society dictates that they do so. After all, what other role model exists?

Self-denial and conformity is all the individual knows. It is ingrained into them from birth. Every social institution is designed to make this explicitly clear to the individual—until it becomes the individual. Especially in youth, when conformity to rigid social roles is of paramount importance for social acceptance among one's peers.

Young gays and lesbians quickly learn that will not be accepted as they are but as they pretend to be.

It is impossible to estimate the emotional and psychological damage that this kind of realisation causes the individual. Many retreat into themselves. They often find themselves in despair. Some describe a void where their feelings of confusion seem alienated from their being and yet disturbingly connected. Social alienation , self-hatred, and confusion about who they are and what they're supposed to be, become the cornerstones of their emotional life.

Many youths turn to other means of dulling this void they feel growing within themselves. Alcohol, drugs, sexual promiscuity and at the extreme, suicide become a welcome escape. The question still remains, is there another way? Do lesbian and gay youths have to learn to hate who they are? Is there a place where they can turn for understanding?

The answer is YES!

Now, more than ever, gay and lesbian youths are feeling confident about who they are. They no longer entertain thoughts about what society expects of them but rather what they expect of themselves. They accept the validity of their own emotions. They are openly gay or lesbian, are emotionally confident and secure with their sexuality. They engage in long long-term loving relationships. They possess a sense of direction and purpose. However, most of these individuals have had unconditional loving support of friends, group associations and in some cases, parents.

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Print your world Lavender

by Joyce Desrochers

The night is young, perhaps the moon is full, and all we hear is a soothing chant of womyn's voices embracing the air. A feeling of warmth, compassion and satisfaction overwhelms our hearts. We're united in sisterhood to celebrate our community, our lesbian community.

In July of 1985, twelve isolated lesbians gathered together after having answered an ad in *the Gazette* saying, "existing services not available to you, let's talk." They talked about accessible resources, about isolation, about visibility, pooling ideas together to meet their own needs. In the mist of the brainstorm, these womyn, once again created a new life—Project Lavender.

It is in essence, a community project for lesbians, nurtured by lesbians. Project Lavender has become the energy of womon, for womon, feeling isolated, alienated, alone and invisible. It is a flower with many petals branching available resources to the lesbian community. Five hundred different and existing Lesbian Group Centers are stacked in their files, helping lesbians connect to people and meet their needs.

From mouth to ear, old, and young lesbians, working or not, mothers and professionals have come together, at their own pace and levels, to share a voice within the community.

The spirit is bilingual, apolitical and respects where womyn are coming from. Well, no matter where your coming from, Project Lavender can reach out and ease your way into an avenue of social events, coffeehouses, activities by lesbian groups and supply and alternative to bars. A free, bilingual monthly bulletin (except during summer months) is distributed publicising events, promoting networks among lesbian groups and individuals, all in light of letting people know that our lesbian community is worth something to us. Pick up a bulletin in a womyn's space, coome and help produce or distribute the news letter or Project Lavender will even mail it to your home for seven bucks a year. Don't forget, your voice counts, so any suggestions, comments and feedback are warmly welcomed. For specific information or to give any ideas, you can write to P.O. Box 105, Stn de Lorimier, Montreal H2H 2N6.

The night is always young, perhaps the moon will be full as we unite in sisterhood at Project Lavender's next coffeehouse on February 19, 1987, at 9 p.m. (an affordable 99 cents) at Cafe Commune, 201 Milton (corner Ste-Famille). Come Celebrate your community—your lesbian community.

Come out, come out

by Carolyn Gammon

There are hundreds of ways to come out. It is an ongoing, life-long process.

You can "come out" to your parents and have them pressure you to marry five years down the road, or they never once ask, in all that time, how is your "friend." I knew a woman who had lived with and loved a woman for four years but when I suggested she was lesbian she denied it!

So for this I want to define Coming Out as coming out to myself, when I said okay—I love a woman, I love a woman sexually, and that's good.

I was on one of these wild vagabond type 12 months in Europe. There's no better place to learn about yourself than away, where no familiar eyes or judgements can reach you, only your own. So I'm sitting on a rock on a Northern Irish coast, the moon is out and the waves lapping. A woman, Sylvie from France, is telling me that back at her communal house in a Pyrenean village, there is this woman whom she loves.

First my mind grapples with the French "aimer"—does she mean like or love? Do I have to be scared or not? But the circumstance, the moon, the intimacy, told me. I knew. I'd heard the unmentionable. From then on I could write the word "lesbian" in my diary—something I'd kept from myself for at least five years. A little while later I wrote to myself "I love Sylvie" and I let her read it.

Then, chambermaiding in London, I met Isabel from Spain. I thought her exceedingly beautiful, very gentle. In her Mediterraean way she would walk hand in hand with me or give me a spontaneous kiss. She invited me to spend Christmas with her family in Galicia, northwestern Spain, in the mountains. It was cold in December and I came out the night I asked to get in bed with her. We stayed warm that way. she would put her arm around my waist and I would flood sexually. We caressed and lay close but we never spoke of it in the day.

Back in France, I revisited a woman I'd picked apples with months before. The night before arriving in Marseille, I dreamt that she approached me sexually and I almost did not go. Deciding to go was a coming out. Yvonne had loved a woman unrequited for five years. Neither of us had come out physically. She was very tender but that didn't stop me from crying and crying. Everytime she touched a new part of me I cried. I wanted her but my past wouldn't let me. Until one day I remembered a movie I'd seen when I was six (?). My mother had us (my sister and me) watch it because it was slated in the TV Times under "The Children's Hour". It was about two women who put their entire life savings into opening and operating a school for girls. They were lovers and one child saw them kissing in the corridor and told her parents. The parents collectively hauled all the kids out of school to "protect" them. The movie ended with one woman, after visiting the other, walking away from the house feeling uneasy. The last shot is of her lover hanging, silhoutted in the window.

This is perhaps not the best image to put in a coming out story but it represents to me what many of us are up against to "come out." The message of this movie was obvious to my six-year-old mind—lesbians hang. This message is conveyed to us by society in one way or another all our lives. But to continue my coming out. I told this horror movie memory to Yvonne, crying still, and it acted like an exorcism—I had something tangible, from a very young age, that I could link to my own lesbiaphobia. The next time she touched my breast, I didn't cry. Soon we were making love and laughing. And laughing!

Recently I came to this university to study Creative Writing and I decided to be out in my classes as a lesbian, as a feminist, and I decided to present my lesbian poetry as part of my work. This too is a coming out to myself but also to a not always friendly public. Coming out is not just a lesbian/gay phenomenon, it is vital growing process for friends, family, sisters, co-students, professors...

Helen Shaver and Patricia Charbonneau, Desert Hearts.

Books

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and decided together to do something about their mutual problem. Chris and Cathy come across on paper precisely as the real people which they are. The don't try to obtain your sympathy but merely your understanding of their situation.

The book doesn't get dull or preachy either as is often the case with books about such controversial topics. It also does not attempt to answer all questions concerning transsexuality. The reader actually cares about Chris and Cathy and by the end of the book not only has a better understanding of their transsexuality but also of human nature in general. The decision for transsexual parents to raise a family is a courageous one, and it is books like this one that give courage to those dealing with the problem of gender dysphoria both directly and indirectly.

This book isn't for everyone because such topics are sometimes difficult to deal with especially when the story is true. However, if you find the topic of transsexuality at all intriguing, this book is worth your time.

Lambda

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Montreal has two information lines, Gay-Line and Gay-Info, available to gay/lesbian youths who can call for information and/or someone to talk to. Both lines report that upwards of 30 per cent of their callers are under the age of 25. They have information ranging from group associations, medical-legal services to entertainment.

One group in particular, which has existed for the last ten years, is Jeunesse Lambda/Lambda Youth. It was originally founded by Bruce Garcide as an extension of the Ville-Marie Social Services—Family Services Association. It later became a completely autonomous group run by gay/lesbian youth for gay/lesbian people aged 25 and under.

Its objectives are to bring people in touch with their emotions through weekly discussions. It also allows gay or lesbian youth to meet each other in a positive atmosphere where being one's own self is important.

Many of the people have positive images of themselves. They have gone through many of their own personal trials and are open and willing to listen to others.

It is a place where reintegrating one's emotions with one's self is the ultimate goal. "We want to make people feel good about themselves. We want them to be proud of who they are. We want them to affirm their sexuality with pride," said the past coordinator, Peter Tyler.

The group maintains that individuals must find themselves. They contend that human emotions are important and valid. It is a group that tries to get people to think about who they are and to edit what society expects of them. The group attempts to reverse the emotional split that the Church and society try to inflict on the individual.

The group meets every Saturday night at the Yellow Door. The address is 3625 Aylmer St. (near McGill metro). The meetings start at 7:30 p.m. The first Saturday of each month is in French. For more information, contact Gayline at 931-8668 every evening from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. or call Gay-Info at 932-2395 from Thursday through Sunday between 7 p.m. and 10:30 p.m.

—note: gay/lesbian references are meant to include bisexuals as well.—

Lexicon

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emerging to say: Your 5,000 years are up!

Personal: see "Political"

Political: see "Personal"

Queer: different from everybody else. In patriarchal society this is a compliment.

Straight: heterosexual; of or pertaining to heterosexuals or heterosexuality; also, anybody who is uptight, square, conventional, or otherwise rigid and unbending; our word for them.

Spinster: a woman, especially an older woman, who is not married or a woman who seems unlikely to marry; a woman who spins weaves, sews, knits, or otherwise creates or acts in a creative fashion.

Woman: etymologically "wife of man" or "wifman", all human beings at one point being "men" and those who were not human(men) were their wifes(women). This bit of etymological information has led many to use the word womyn to mean one of the female members of the human kind (wimmin being the plural).

Special thanks to the following women: Judy Grahn and Merriam Webster.

Wherever you are

by Vito Chimienti

There comes a time in the life of every gay person after they have realised their true sexual orientation that they "come out."

This term has many different meanings. To some it means telling your parents, your boss or your friends. To others it implies experiencing sex with a member of the same sex for the first time, after consciously realising you are homosexual. Still, to others it means breaking away and living a new life in you new role away from your past.

Coming out can be any ot these things or even a combination. What it is important to note is that each of these actions involves a major change in one's life. For the time being we will involve ourselves with the realisation aspect of coming out.

Homosexuality is still frowned upon (an understatement) by society today. If you need proof just read any of the fag jokes on bathroom walls or watch evangelists on TV preaching on the evils of homosexuality. A little closer to home perhaps, one can examine any back issue of the Engineering Students' newspaper to see that not everyone realises that homosexuality definitely can be a positive thing.

The decision to come out can lead to many consequences. It can mean being kicked out of your parent's home, being cut off financially, being shunned by (now) former friends, etc. On the other hand it can be a good way of becoming closer to people you care about (if they accept your new lifestyle) as well. Although stories of negative reactions far outnumber the positive ones, there are some happy endings out there.

Because coming out can be extremely difficult, it is wise to seek out help even if just to come to terms with feelings you are confused about. It is not wise to seek out a priest or minister because more likely than not you will almost certainly be told that you are evil and will burn in hell unless you repent this moral abomination of homosexuality. If you are a very religious person it would be wise to seek out achapter of MCC (Metropolitan Community Church), which is an inter-denominational religious organisation for gay men and lesbians.

Here at Concordia, LGFC (Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia) can help by answering your questions about different aspects of the gay lifestyle and even provide a friendly shoulder to cry on. The number is 848-7414. LGFC also sponsors dances and a coffeehouse once a month as well as regular film showings and meetings to help you meet other gay students while becoming comfortable with the new you.

Coming out can be extremely difficult but can also be very much worth the trouble. If you know someone who is just coming out to you, let them know you care about them, no matter what, and help them (and yourself) to come to a new understanding.

Spirit

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of 1968 student rebellion in France, Danny the Red put it, "Soyez réaliste, Demandez l'impossible!"

Sexuality is so complicated an area for all people, involving an extensive array of concealment and disclosure of ourselves at our most meaningful levels of communication that it cannot be dismissed with any number of disclaimers emanating from fear and ignorance. If what one feels as joy is redirected by the interdictions of society as wrong and bad then a spirit has been destroyed.

Though Nietzsche's death from syphilis, most likely contracted through prostitution, does not serve as an example of a life at peace with its own sexuality, he nonetheless shows some understanding of why the emphasis of so many gay advocates is directly focused on sexuality. From his *Beyond Good and Evil*, "The degree and kind of a man's sexuality reach up into the ultimate pinnacle of his spirit."

It is above all a question of spirit.

Gay giggles and lesbian laughs

by Faith Jones
Canadian University Press

Humour about homosexuals falls into two distinct categories: the stuff heterosexuals tell to heterosexuals, and the stuff gays and lesbians tell to each other.

Heterosexual humour about gay people relies on rigid stereotyping because the joke always centres on homosexuality being inherently funny.

But this kind of stereotyping isn't unique. Humour that is homophobic (fearful of homosexuals) has a lot in common with other pejorative jokes, notably those about racial groups and women. They allow the teller to be in a position of power over the subject of the joke. They also contribute to a strategy of suppression that may or may not be conscious on the part of the joke-teller: they delude the oppressed community from thinking of itself as a community.

Much of mainstream humour about gays and lesbians is also racist and sexist: the sophomoric what-do-you-get-when-you-cross-a-dyke-and-a-kike jokes are more or less the norm. Lesbians are stereotyped as ball-breaking, beer-guzzling butches and gay men as effeminate fairies. (and Blacks as stupid, women as sex objects, Jewish man as miserly and Jewish women as frigid, disabled people as circus freaks, Native Indians as drunks...and so on.)

These stereotypes aren't found only in unsophisticated, locker room humour. They prevail in popular culture as well. In Hollywood and on Broadway, gay male characters are comic relief. The fact that they are gay is the only thing the audience knows about them.

Rob Baker, a writer for the gay magazine *Christopher Street*, wrote that the typical Broadway gay man is a male nurse, often Black or Latino, who is "funny " because he minces and swishes and talks in a cute little dialect.

Here, of course, the racism of the predominantly white playwrites, producers and audiences gets inextricably wound up with their homophobia, and it becomes a free-for-all prejudice masquerading as comedy. Ironically, Baker reports a similar stereotyping off-Broadway, which is located in New York's Greenwich Village, probably one of the most renowned gay communities in the world.

Heterosexuals often defend anti-gay humour on the grounds that gay people make similar jokes, or even that gays and lesbians often live up to their stereotypes. Baker argues that, although this may be true, it isn't a justification. Gays and lesbians may hope to find acceptance by living out what is expected of them, he says.

"Media presentation of gay stereotypes only reinforces those stereotypical patterns, making them self-fulfilling prophecies...Being a queen, a camp, a performing bear for the straight world becomes the easy way out, the path of least resistance for these gays," Baker writes.

Straight people may find it hard to understand why gay men are offended by their jokes, but not by (for instance) Transvestite Theatre, which flourished in the 60s and featured, among other things, all-male ballet troupes.

But straights often miss a crucial aspect of the gay culture they see as simply a burlesque: that it also includes a challenge. All-male ballet is anathema to the strict tradition of gender roles and feminine idealisation inherent to classical ballet. Transvestite cabaret can self-consciously explore the gay male fascination with the supergoddess image. Gay reviewers may have loved La Cage Aux Folles, but they lambasted straight audiences for laughing at the main characters.

Similarly, lesbian comedian, Robin Tyler, is perfectly well received by a lesbian audience when she does her routine about getting arrested for female impersonation (back in the days when transvestism was illegal). Why is that considered funny but straight-world jokes about butch dykes are found to be offensive? Quite simply, because Tyler's experience (she claims it really happened) is self-affirmative.

Heterosexual's lesbian jokes suggest the lesbian is "other," as outside the norm—that's the only reason straights think they're funny. Tyler's routine presents the straight world's sometimes bizarre reactions to unfeminine appearance as the humourous aspect of a fairly common lesbian experience. Toronto comedian Sheila Gostick also has a shtick about being mistaken for a gay man.

The straight world doesn't understand the context of gay and lesbian humour. Camp, for instance, is a centuries-old tradition, the word itself dating to England in the 16th century. It was derived form the French word campagne, meaning country, because strolling mime troupes entertained their county audiences with young men dressed as women.

Camp has been used in the gay sub-culture ever since, but it didn't come into general usage until 1968. At that point North American culture was obsessively assimilating sub-cultural phenomena anyway. Whites wore african djallabahs, businessmen quoted Abbie Hoffman and used Black slang; professors at protest-ridden universities wore buttons that said "if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem." And straight people applauded female impersonators.

It didn't mean they understood: quite the opposite. The "acceptance" of gay male camp in the late 60s is roughly analogous to movie audiences in the early 60s who cheered Jack Lemmon's performance in *Some Like it Hot*. Dressed as a woman for most of the film, Lemmon became the love object for Joe E. Brown, who wasn't disturbed when his bride-to-be turned out to be a man.

Heterosexual audiences never did realise that director Billy Wilder hid an enormous number of gay culture references in seemingly innocent gags. The beauty of *Some Like It Hot* is that Wilder's camp material could work either way: the humour was enjoyed on one level by straights, and on a completely different level for gays.

Camp is an entirely male tradition, which may explain why, especially before the impact of the women's liberation movement was really felt, much camping was (and some still is) overtly anti-woman. Especially in the 60s, drag queens could count on a laugh if they called each other "cunt." It involved a basic contradiction: simultaneously they glorified feminine dress and gestures, and insulted female sexuality and relationships. To be proud of being gay seemed to mean being too good for the very role models they imitated.

To be fair, gay men in the 60s were probably no more anti-woman than any other men—they just weren't any better.

It is important to note that camp is changing. Now, it is just as likely to be about politics and performed by a lesbian. this is a major change: it's only in the last few years that gay male and lesbian comedy has had much in common. Camp is still very much concerned with sexuality, but it tends more towards positive attitudes these days. For example, San Fransisco comedian Tom Ammiano had this message on his answering machine during the November U.S. Senate and House elections:

"Vote no on proposition 64, no on proposition 63, yes on preparation H and if you get a proposition 69, think it over and do it safely."

Ammiano got his start in comedy when he convinced a San Fransisco gay club, the Valencia Rose, to hold regular comedy nights. Ammiano was unhappy performing in straight clubs because of the rampant homophobia, as well as racism and sexism, of the average budding comedian. Ammiano, who had just run for the Board of Education, says it was easier to be an openly gay politician than an openly gay comic.

Linda Makes, a comedian who got her start at the Valencia Rose, says Ammiano envisioned a form of comedy which was entirely different from the pejorative comedy he had witnessed at straight clubs.

"People wrote differently because they couldn't get up there and talk about what was wrong with everybody else," Makes says.

Lesbian comedians also don't get up there and talk about what's wrong with themselves. Kate Clinton, a comedian from New York, believes that the women's movement has helped women to stop hating themselves.

"I don't do humour that puts women down and I don't do self-depreciating humour. Comediennes are allowed to succeed on how well they make fun of themselves, but I think there's a great wealth of humour without doing that," Clinton says.

It is significant that Clinton refers to herself as a "fumerist", short for "feminist humourist", and not a lesbian humourist. Lesbian feminist humour stems from the women's movement, touching on issues like reproductive rights and compulsory femininity, which are of importance to all feminists, lesbian, and straight.

Heterosexual women may not always find Clinton as funny as lesbians do. She deals with lesbian sexuality explicitly, teasing and often embarrassing her audience. While lesbians may find it refreshing to hear their sexuality openly and approvingly discussed, straights may be as bored by those routines as lesbians are by Love Boat.

Of course, homosexual comedians don't limit their material only to lesbian and gay themes. Sometimes they deal with politics, or religion, or the royal family, and sometimes they link gay and lesbian issues to other issues. Ammiano's answering machine message is one example of this. Another is Clinton's routine about "coming out."

Coming out is the process by which lesbians, gay men and bisexuals tell the people in their lives about their sexual orientation. When Clinton came out to her brother, he said, "Don't tell Dad. It'd kill him." Clinton was thrilled by the possibilities this opened up, entertaining visions of 'the neutron lesbian'. "Hey Mr. Reagan! I'm a lesbian! Kaboom!"

Clinton does a fair bit of material about growing up Catholic, which all Catholics, whatever their sexuality, are likely to find funny. She jokes about "Pope John-Paul-George-Ringo," whom she calls "your extreme round-headedness" and "your very narrow-mindedness." The Catholic theme lends itself to lesbian material. She claims that, of the Ten Commandments, number nine was the one that scared her the most: Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbour's Wife.

It may be that the essence of gay and lesbian humour, like the humour of other sub-cultures, is essentially rooted in joyfull recognition. Having borne the brunt of humour for so long, lesbians and gays need to create new comedy that is empowering. While straight humour weakens the liberation movements, creating helpless resignation in the lesbian and gay communities, gay and lesbian humour can help the communities heal themselves.

Humour is a tool for oppressed people preserving their sanity. It can also serve as an effective political tool. Just as anti-woman and anti-gay humour has helped to oppress, pro-woman and pro-gay humour can help to liberate.

Some things . . . were never meant to be.

Sports

Wrestlers strive for fourth straight title

by Pat Rizzo

The Concordia wrestling team will attempt to set a new national record next week when they host the annual Canadian inter-university championships. They will try to win an unprecedented fourth consecutive national title, a feat they should handle with ease.

Over the past three years, Concordia's most triumphant varsity team has gained both national and international recognition due to their never-ending achievements. Unfortunately this accomplishment has gone virtually unnoticed by most Concordia students, the grapplers living under the shadows of other varsity teams playing more highly regarded sports. But none are doing quite so well...

"It is hard to break through with a relatively unknown sport such as wrestling," says team memnber Pat Sullivan. "But we pushed our way in with our accomplishments and with the help of the media."

Just who are these guys who, until this year, didn't even have a mat to wrestle on anyway?

These are athletes for whom winning national titles is taken for granted. Their competition begins when they compete against world ranked athletes such as the Soviets, East Germans and Americans.

For example Clark Davis, who, three years ago placed fourth at the Los Angeles Olympics, went on to a second place at the 1985 world wrestling championships in Hungary. Then, last summer, he won a second straight Commonwealth Games gold in Edinburgh and was thus honoured as Montreal's amateur athlete of the year. Futhermore, he beat six Soviet athletes in his career, four of which while he was in the Soviet Union.

Teammate Pat Sullivan captured the bronze medal at the 85 world championships but an unfortunate back injury kept him from trying to better last year. This year he will attempt to win his fifth CIAU title.

Serge Marcil has also seen some glory after having won a gold medal at the Commonwealth Games and a bronze at the '86 Pan-American championships. He is presently ranked fifth in the world.

This season, Concordia's wrestling team is at a peak since its decade of existence.

Members of Concordia's wrestling team are among the first in the world. From left to right: Serge Marcil, Pat Sullivan, coach Victor Zilberman, and Clark Davis.

The team matured gradually. In 1977, only one wrestler won a medal at the CIAU championships. In 1978, Concordia had Gary Kahos, Pan-American Games champion. From 1978-80, Wytt Wishart, two time Commonwealth champ and George Gursriski, silver medalist at the Espoir world championships, helped to enhance Concordia's reputation in wrestling.

In 1984, Concordia won its first team title at the CIAU's. The following year they defended their title at McMaster University. Last year they reached a major plateau after they broke a CIAU record by winning the national title for a third straight year.

Special credit should go to this vagabond team since they were without a mat and possessed a budget too embarassing to even mention. The wrestlers lost extra time in travelling to Vanier College and Royal West Academy in order to practice.

Coach Victor Zilberman, former three-time Soviet champion, bronze medalist at the 74 world championships and recipient of the 1986 outstanding coach award has done wonders for Concordia's wrestling programme since having taken it over in 1980.

The way these athletes train is a story in itself

"Victor motivates the athlete to do well," says wrestler Mike Sullivan. "He also takes interest in the athlete's schooling, giving him hints on how to study and wrestle at the same time."

Added Clark Davis, "Victor helps the athlete make a daily schedule; covering training, academic, and social grounds, ensuring that the athlete becomes a complete individual and not only a wrestling machine."

Zilberman also organised a feeding system for the sport which is unique to Concordia. Apart from coaching the varsity team, he also coaches Vanier College, Loyola High School, Centennial, Argate and Royal West Academy. Together, these teams make up what is known as the Montreal Wrestling Club.

Five senior wrestlers from Concordia help Zilberman in coaching the high schools. The net result is that the club starts recruiting athletes at an early age. By the time wrestlers enter Vanier, they have already three to four years of experience and been to national meets.

At Vanier, Zilberman polishes the athlete by working them on the fine details of the sport. When they enter Concordia, they are already ranked nationally or even internationally.

"Victor motivates the athlete to do well."

For example in the coming years, Concordia will benefit from Dave Mendelsohn, bronze medalist at the '86 Espoir championships, Andy Borodow who place fifth at the same tournament and beat the defending CIAU champion last month in new Brunswick, Danny Joffre, Ray Picard, provincial champions and medalists at the nationals and the list goes on.

The way these athletes train is a story in itself. People in general have a misconception of amateur wrestling, underestimating the power, techique, and concentration involved.

The force involved in turning an opponent who obviously is offering resistance is unexplicable. The wrestlers usually train between 20-28 hours per week, combining running, swimming, gymnastics, wrestling technique, basketball, soccer,

Simon Alexander and Robert Waldamanis suffered respective elbow and knee injuries earlier this season. Unfortunately they have not fully recovered and willl not compete in the CIAU championships. Both these wrestlers had been training exceptionally hard for the CIAU's and were favorites to win medals.

In the past, certain student groups have supported the wrestlers but on the whole, the team remains anonymous among Concordia students. Hopefully the wrestlers will finally obtain the recognition they deserve after they win their fourth straight title on their long awaited mat.

1987 CIAU Wrestling Championship at Loyola

Friday February 27		
Weigh-ins		
Round I	8-8:30 a.m.	Athletic Complex
Round II	2-4:00 p.m.	Athletic Complex
Round III	7-9:00 p.m.	Athletic Complex
Saturday February 28		
Weigh-ins		
Cross Over	8-8:30 a.m.	Athletic Complex
5 & 6	10 a.m.-noon	Athletic Complex
3 & 4	noon-1 p.m.	Athletic Complex
Finals	4-6:30 p.m.	Athletic Complex
Awards banquet	7 p.m.	Hingston Hall
Admission	$5 per day	adults
	$2 per day	students
	group rates	available

CCSL hikes service fees

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from the contingency fund to help finance the salary of a women's basketball coach and that the department of Fitness, Recreation and Athletics provide the other $15,000.

It was previously proposed that a portion of the contingency fund be used to hire an additional person in the Fitness, Recreation and Athletics department.

The outcome of these recommended reductions would increase student service fees to $3.85 per credit, slash the Fitness Recreation and Athletics budget by $45,000 and reduce the contingency fund to $50,000.

"We could have fully funded the women's coaching position by taking more from the contingency fund," said Robert Douglas, a CCSL member.

"The attitude the Dean of Students' department was showing was poor," said Douglas. "It was to the effect that if their department was going to be cut then others could be too. They should understand their priorities concerning cuts and where the cuts are going to be made."

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The Concordia Stingers women's hockey team continued to amaze this past weekend as they toppled the John Abbott Islanders 12-1 on the latter's ice. The win brings the Stingers' QUAA record up to nine wins in as many games played a a league championship seems all but sealed at this point.

PHOTO: GUY ST. DENIS

Pats clinch first with win

By Fabio Iannantuono

Was a miracle about to happen when our local hockey club visited the Trois-Rivières Patriotes last Friday?

Answer: No.

Despite the fact that the Concordia Stingers have recently been eliminated from playoff contention, the Patriotes showed no mercy or any thing close to sympathy as they hammered the visitors by a final score of 7-3. In doing so, the Patriotes clinched top spot in the Quebec University Hockey League (QUHL) for the second straight season.

"Trois-Rivières is a pretty good team," said Stinger coach Paul Arsenault. "They have too many talented players that we can't handle."

Immediately following the opening face-off, the Stingers began to apply pressure in the Patriotes zone. But their efforts were stopped by the home team each time they tried setting up for some kind of scoring oppourtunity.

The Patriotes then drew first blood at the 45 second mark when Serge Pinard, after being perfectly set up in the the crease by linemate Stephane Thivierge, backhanded a shot past Stinger goalie Dave Sharpe.

As for the Stingers, they continued playing sloppy hockey for the first few minutes of the game. Most of their passes were off mark thanks to the effective forechecking displayed by the Patriotes team which stymied Concordia skaters.

After recuperating from their early game problems, the Stingers finally responded on a goal of their own. At the 4:00 mark of the period , Frankie Morris slipped a pass to a guarded Jeff Carter from the Concordia blue line who, on a clean cut breakaway, backhanded a shot past the outstretched glove of Patriotes goalie Mario Gerard.

Then the fun began. Ken Marshall was involved in a skirmish with a Patriotes defender and both guilty parties were assessed 10-minute misconducts. As bodies collided throughout that period, tempers flared on each side of the rink.

The Patriotes continued to apply most of the pressure this period as they constantly directed shots at the Stinger goal from every angle of the rink. If it wasn't for Sharpe's heroics, the game would have been as good as over after the sound of the first buzzer.

In that same period, Stingers' Wray Quigley was assessed a game misconduct along with a roughing penalty and a 10-minute misconduct for having foolishly thrown a punch at a Patriotes defender during another skirmish near centre ice. The penalty proved costly for the Stingers as Robert Lebrun scored to give his team the one goal edge at the end of the first.

In the second period, the Stingers tied the game on a goal by Martin Foy. But as with most games this season, the Stingers failed to maintain the tie and 18 seconds later, the Patriotes retaliated on a goal by Alain Genereux.

Mario Paradis then scored the fourth Patriote goal at the 8:48mark of the period by slipping the puck under the legs of a sprawled Sharpe.

"Sharpe keeps us in the game," said Arsenault. "It's up to us to try and capitalise on this opportunity."

Moments after the Paradis goal, which gave the Patriotes a 4-2 lead, Frankie Morris with assists going to Dino Asselin and Tod Button, scored on a powerplay to put his team back to within one.

With the score now 4-3 in favour of the home team, the stage was set for a decisive third period. The absence of defender Wray Quigley was felt by the Concordia team as the rest of thier defensive corps completely collapsed.

Patriotes' Alain Bisson, who had himself an exceptional game, scored two goals in the period while Robert Lebrun's second of the game capped off the scoring for Trois-Rivières.

"At the beginning (of the game) it was hard to get motivated," said Bisson. "I have to give most of the credit to my linemates. It was a team effort and that's important to know."

Patriote coach Clément Jodoin was quite pleased with his team's performance on the night.

"It was not our best game played this season," he said. "We knew that the Stingers were out of the playoff picture but they gave us a run for our money."

ICE CHIPS: Stingers' all-time penalty minutes leader Frankie Morris has played his last game for the Concordia team. The five-year veteran who is noted for his aggressive style of play racked up a career total of 77 goals and 88 assists in 167 games. He wishes to play in Europe next season.

B'Ball team stays

Council votes for service fees hike

by Link sportsstaff

Fears that the university's men basketball team would be eliminated were dispelled at last week's meeting of the Concordia Council on Student Life.

The council agreed instead on an increase of the student service fees to $3.85 a credit and looked into various financial options.

The options included varying budget reductions in the Dean of Students' office, Guidance Services, and the Fitness Recreation and Athletics departments. Also debated was the hiring of a full-time women's basketball coach.

The first motion, which was defeated, was to increase the student service fees by $1 per credit (from 3 to $4). It was supported by the three department heads and the five staff members.

"It was obvious by the vote that the eight staff members who, without hesitation supported the increase in student fees, were only interested in maintaining their status quo," said Maxine Clarke, a CCSL student representative. "The other eight of us, being students, were obviously against a total increase."

Fellow student rep Wynet Smith added, "Whether the fee goes from $3.75 to $4.00 per credit it may not be a great difference but the fee is already going from $3 to $3.75. That's a $ 0.75 increase—and it's per credit. It can make a difference whether or not a student will continue going to school.

"If the fee were allowed to increase by a dollar it would mean no cuts for respective department directors and administrators," she said. "Which would probably not force them to take a good hard look at the unavoidable waste in their departments."

The next motion, supported by the students, was the most drastic since it included a $50,000 cut in both the Dean of Students and the Fitness, Recreation and Athletics budget and a $3,000 cut in Guidance Services.

Although it was defeated by an 8 to 8 tie (Council chairperson Charles Giguère's vote being the decider), it was the only recommendation that would keep the student services fee at its lowest increase ($3.75 per credit).

According to G. Scott White, CUSA co-president, "I thought we should have gone for this one since that's about all that was needed if we were to go by the list of priorities."

The final proposal showed a reduction in the Dean of Students and the Fitness, Recreation and Athletics departments of $30,000 and $3,000 in Guidance services. In addition it was adopted that $20,000 be taken

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Men, women cagers strike out

by Jim McRae

The Stingers men's basketball team is in the unenviable position of being in last place in the Quebec conference with only five games to play.

Concordia, with a record of 3-4, dropped two games in three days last week: Tuesday to Bishop's and Friday to McGill, 83-70. It was their second conference loss to the Redmen this season against one win.

"It was just another case of us getting behind early and trying to come back but we couldn't get over the hump," said coach Doug Daigneault.

The Stingers trailed throughout the game but managed to come to within seven of the Redmen late in the match. Rob Latter was added to the lineup, his first outing since coming off of a back operation, and played 12 minutes. He netted seven points. It was fellow center Nick Arvanitis who led the team in scoring with a low high of 14 against first place McGill.

Extremely vital are the two games the Stingers play this week: at Trois-Rivières Tuesday and host to the Redmen Friday night. A sweep would almost guarantee them a play off position, a split would bring the race down to the wire and two losses would dash a lot of hopes.

"It's a real challenge and our guys know it so let's see if we could go from here," said Daigneault.

League commissioner Garth Smith thinks Bishop's is favoured to win the title. From rags to riches!

While the men were struggling against the Redmen at the Arthur Currie Gym Friday, the women were being downed at home by the Martlets 64-50. The women Stingers ended their season on Sunday losing to Laval 59-48. Their overall record was 6-17 with no conference wins.

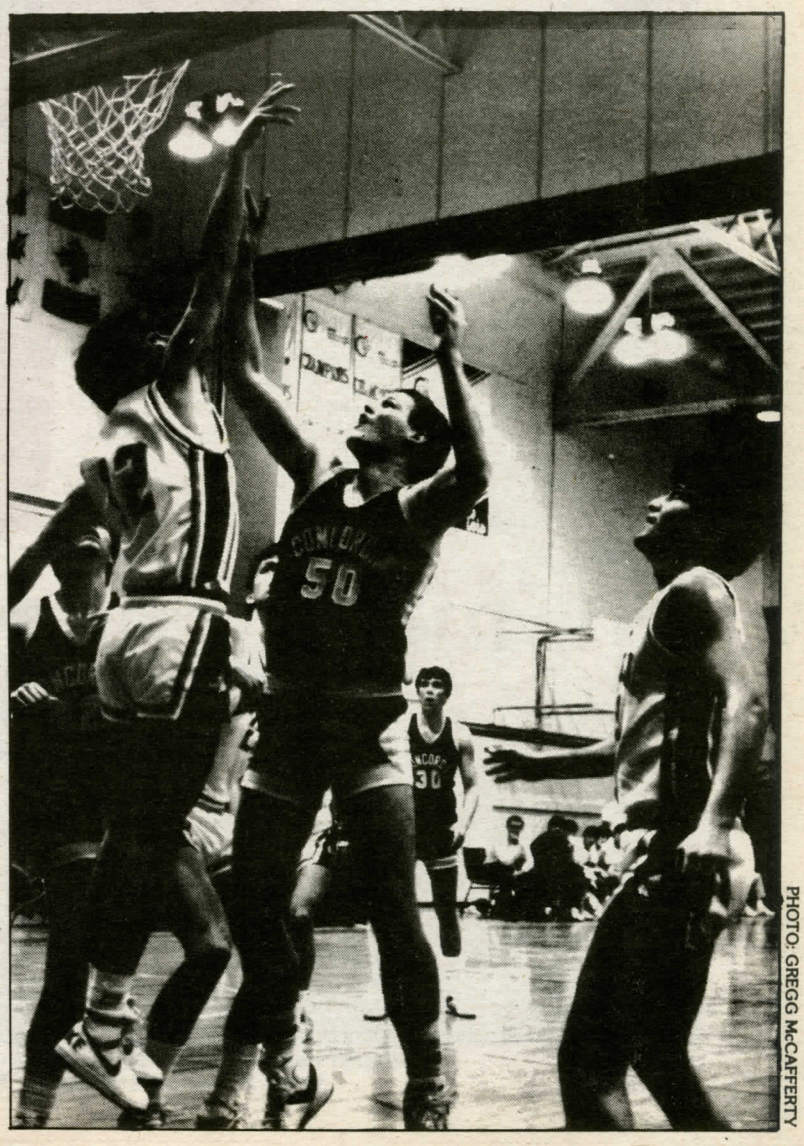

PHOTO: GREGG McCAFFERTY

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